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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 841. SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

Have the sweet nuttiness and fine flavour of a good Havana Cigar.
20 for 1/-
H. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London, E.

GREATEST FREE HOME INSURANCE

Jacoby: Startling New Jacks!

HUTCHINSON TYRES

ARE YOUR SAFEGUARD ON THE ROAD

They have behind them the reputation and prestige of the Manufacturers, who have been Tyre Manufacturers since 1877, and Rubber Manufacturers since 1850.

ALL THE CRACK RIDERS OF TO-DAY, including:—Sheard and Grinton and H. R. Davies (A.J.S.); Dance (Sunbeam); Davidson and Dixon (Indian); Davison (Levis); Emerson and Pullin (Douglas); Graham Walker and Shaw and Horsman and Hubert Hassell and Vanderwell (Norton); Le Vack and Riddoch (Zenith); Marchant (Sheffield-Henderson); Temple (Harley-Davidson); Langman (Scott); Whalley (Massey-Arran); North (O.K.); and many others, trust to Hutchinson.

THERE MUST BE A REASON.

Hutchinson, since 1910, have secured all the chief Awards in the Tourist Trophy race, the greatest Motor Cycle Race in the World.

1910 FIRST and SECOND.
1911 FIVE OF FIRST SIX.
1912 FIRST EIGHT.
1913 FIRST.
1920 FIRST.
1921 Junior—1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and Team Prize. Senior 1st, 2nd & 3rd.
1922 Junior—1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th. Lightweight—1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 12th. Senior—3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th.

YOU can get the same tyres at your dealers. BUT—ask for

SUPERSTUDDED
HUTCHINSON TYRES

70, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2

THE TYRE WITH NINE LIVES

THE REAL BOTTOMLEY

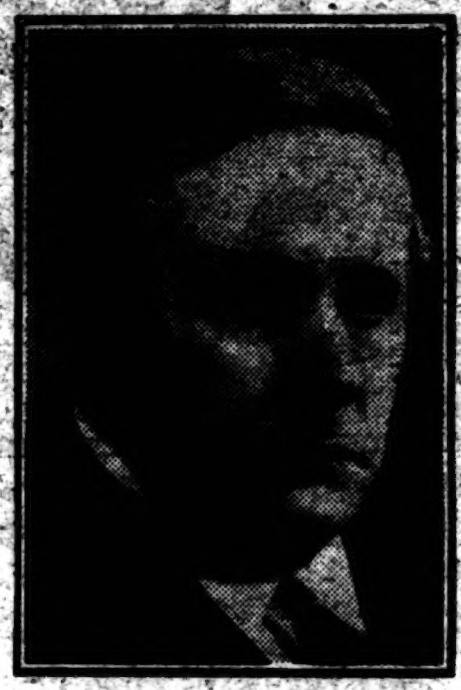
THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK AS I KNEW HIM.

By his Private Secretary and Confidant,

HENRY J. HOUSTON, O.B.E.

ALMOST the last words Mr. Bottomley said to me when I chatted with him just before he went to the Old Bailey to receive the sentence that meant more to him than death, and when I told him that I had been asked to write his life, were: "Houston, you are the only man who can do it; be just, and you'll be known to history as 'Bottomley's Boswell.' . . ."

And that is what I propose to be.



I shall tell for the first time the true story of his birth. No other man besides myself and Bottomley knows it.

I propose to lay bare the inner life of the man with the mask off; his life at home, his generosity and meanness, his courage and cowardice, his love of luxury and his abstemiousness, his cynical scepticism and his religious emotionalism, his vanity and modesty, his wide knowledge and his amazing ignorance, his sensuousness and his austerity.

I shall tell the inner story of the Bigland trial, and of his unique experience in the Law and on the Turf, his love of champagne, his intense pleasure in the society of women, his life as editor and journalist, his visit to the Western Front and the Grand Fleet, his work as a politician and Parliamentarian, his love of animals, his joy in a smart deal, his wit and humour, and the seamy side of his character in financial matters. Let the whole truth now be told.

SEE NEXT SUNDAY'S

NEWS OF THE WORLD

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

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BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades. Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

YOUR Living Guaranteed. Write for free Catalogue and Guide. How to commence in business with £2.—H. Marks (Dept. 9), 51-52, Houndsditch, London, E.1. Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for all kinds of Drapery and Hosiery and Best House for Beginners.

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BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying Stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Enclose stamp to Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

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BLANKETS. Beautiful White All-Wool Yorkshire Blankets. Full size, super quality. 8 lb. 28/- pr., carr. pd. 48/6 2 prs. Entire satisfaction or money returned.—J. Crossley, 42, Pershore St., Birmingham.

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WHITE LAWN Handkerchiefs, H.S. Excellent quality. Ladies 1/9; Gent's 2/6 half doz. Post free.—Baker, 21, Foss Road, Tunbridge.

MUSICAL.

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ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

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FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

FISH.—Kits of mixed wet, 5 st. £1. Fillets, Finny 6/6, Kipps 7/6, st., carr. pd. List free. —The Bell Fishing Co., Fish Docks, Grimsby.

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ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ACCOUNTANCY and SECRETARIAL CLASSES now forming for the December exams. —For full particulars of oral and correspondence tuition, apply Cusack's College, Ltd., Finsbury Square, E.C.2.

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No jumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

£100 CHALLENGE. Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, etc., positively and permanently cured without operation, rest, drugs, or bandages, by a wonderful new scientific discovery. Instant relief, safe, painless, no experimenting, no relapse, no quackery, failure impossible. A certain cure even if hospitals, specialists, surgeons, and other treatments unsuccessful. Hundreds of sworn testimonials. Sufferers should call or write NOW for copies, Booklet "B," and free sample. Expert male and female attendants. Le Brasseur Surgical Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Head Office—90-92 Worcester Street, Birmingham; Manchester Branch—Princes Chambers, 26, Pall Mall.

STAMMERING effectually cured by correspondence or personally.—N. H. Mason, 30, Clarendon Villas, Hove, Brighton. Est. 1876.

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DOUGLAS, I.O.M.—Chadwick's "Claremont," Loch Promenade. Ideal position, near landing Pier, G.P.O., and Amusements. Board-res. Reasonable charges.—Write for Tariff B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INEXPENSIVE PRESENTS.—Specially designed Picture Postcard Albums for Kinema Stars, beautifully bound, lettered in gold "My Film Favourites", To hold 150 cards, price 1/6; to hold 200, 2/-; all post free.—Pictures, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"MEND-A-TEAR" makes mending tears—in clothes and mackintoshes—an amusement. No stitches, just a hot iron. Send us a 2d. stamp for free sample, you'll soon be converted. Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

A £3:3:0
ALL-WOOL GUARANTEED
SPORTS COAT TO MEASURE 30/-

J. DIMMOCK
The Famous Hotspur in his
ALL-WOOL BARRY SPORTS COAT.

The finest value in the world. The best trimmings. The best cloth. The best finish ever offered anywhere in the world at the price.

An Unparalleled Guarantee.

If for any reason whatsoever you do not consider this 30/- Sports Coat to measure the finest value you have ever enjoyed, return the Coat and we will refund not only the 30/- but 2/6 in addition to compensate you for your loss of time. Dare we make such an offer, we ask, if we could not thoroughly live up to what we claim?

Other Barry Specialities, all to Measure, are as follows:—

(We are the only large firm of mail order tailors positively doing NO READY-MADE Suit or Overcoat Trade.)

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PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
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The choicest products of our very best English Mills.
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How to Measure: Give size around leg at A, B, C for thigh: C, D, E for knee; E, F, G for calf; and H, L, M for ankle. Take measurements over bare skin and state length required. Price each Support, Silk 15/6, Class A, 10/6, Class B, 7/11.

Calf

Knee

Ankle

How to Order: State which section required: for *which leg* and whether for **Varicose Veins, Weak Joints** or for **Weak Legs.**

Send measurements with Postal Order (postage 2d. extra).

Varivane Supports are suitable for cases of—Slipping Cartilage, Dislocation, Synovitis, Sprain, Weak Ankles, Weaknesses caused by Fractures, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Paralysis, etc.

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CATALOGUE FREE. Write for Catalogue of high-class Watches and lovely Jewellery, Engagement Rings, Bracelets, Brooches, Necklets, etc., at the keenest prices and on the Easiest Terms.

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The £10 Motor Cycle offer.

A "PUKKA" MOTOR CYCLE, WITH TWIN TWO-STROKE ENGINE (2-3 h.p.), not a push bicycle with an engine attached.

Read what the Press says of it:—

"The 'ECONOMIC' is almost without competition."—*Motor Cycling.*

"The lightest and cheapest twin engine motor cycle in existence."
—*Motor Cycle.*

"Extremely simple in its construction."
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"It is the most comfortable little machine I have ever ridden; it is a perfect little gentleman so far as noise is concerned . . . . It graces the type to which it belongs.
—*Athletic News.*

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY of the First 100 Machines Ordered.

If you desire a Motor Bicycle FOR THE HOLIDAYS

here is your opportunity. In order to introduce the

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throughout the country we are prepared to supply a limited number for a cash payment of £10 (ten pounds), the balance of the purchase price being paid by easy instalments.

SMOOTH Running as a Rolls-Royce car, comfortable, easy to handle, and a good hill climber, the ECONOMIC is just the thing for enjoying the delights of the open road, for running to and from the golf course, or the tennis courts, for shopping and for a hundred other purposes. Equipped with 3-speed Variable Gear, Clutch, Duplex Frame, Spring Forks, Magneto Ignition, and Electric Lighting Generator. Tyres and Belt guaranteed for twelve months. Running costs ½d. per mile (detailed figures given). Special Insurance facilities. Unique "Service" System.

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Write to-day for illustrated detailed specification and particulars of the above offer.

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MILD (Gold Leaf)	MEDIUM
100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11	100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
24 for 1/5; 12 for 6½d.	20 for 11½d.; 10 for 6d.

In Packets and Tins from all Tobacconists and Stores.

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CYCLE TYRES.	Wired-on Cover.	Beaded-edge Cover.	Tube.
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Dunlop Roadster	15 0	16 6	5 3
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Edinburgh Roadster	10 6	12 0	4 0
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Vol. XXXII. No. 841.
Week ending Saturday,
July 15, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

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London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People—— the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Our Daily Bread.

The bakers have been lobbying Members of Parliament against the Bill for selling bread by fixed weight. This agitation must be watched.

The Atomic Theory.

Our friend Lord Beaverbrook warns us that any day we may expect the explosion of "the mighty atom." Of course, he does not mean himself. How *can* people be so rude!

A Poor Exchange.

Owing to his failure as a politician, Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P., is to be presented with the next vacant judgeship. We had rather the Bray than the rest of the donkey.

Convalescent.

Lord Portland has become Chairman of the Eighty Club. What with the resurrection of Viscount Gladstone, Viscount Grey, and now Lord Portland, the Wee Frees are sitting up and taking nourishment.

Letting L.G. Down.

The outcry about the latest Honours List has revealed to the Prime Minister how badly he has been let down by his advisers. The blunders have been bad for the Government in the country as well as at Westminster. Somebody is "for it."

Winston's Weakness.

Mr. Churchill is in his most brilliant form when his case is not a good one. On Ireland, for example, he has been sober and calm. It is when he is dealing with dubious Eastern adventures that he dazzles Parliament with oratorical fireworks.

Ridiculous Betting Laws.

The utter stupidity of our gambling laws was well illustrated in a case heard at the West London Police Court, where it was shown that betting was permissible only in a place where there were displayed public notices prohibiting it. In matters of this sort, we have become the laughing-stock of the world.

Bishops and Beer.

A contemporary states that thirty Bishops out of the thirty-three on the Bench are teetotalers. No guessing, please!

On Their Toes!

The troubles of the Government are beginning to crowd in on them. Most people suffer some injury in a crush.

A Dukery to Let.

We sympathise with the Duke of Northumberland for having to shut up Alnwick Castle, but as he has six places altogether we need not fear that he will be roofless.

Cabinet Juggling.

The Cabinet are getting into serious difficulties in the endeavour to blend opposing policies. Free Trade and Protection will not mix. Neither will Liberal and Conservative views on the House of Lords. The Coalition is doomed.

"Plum and Apple"?

Mr. T. G. Tickler, M.P., is resigning when this Parliament has run its course. There is a strong rumour that the discharged Tommies are going to erect a monument to his memory. Either Babs or Beattie will unveil it.

The Next War.

When the next war comes we shall be bound by treaty to rush to the aid of France, as we were last time. But, of course, it would never do to tell us. You see, we are only children, not grown-up Britons.

The Apostle of Peace.

Sneer at him as you will, Lord Robert Cecil has worked harder for peace than any man since the Armistice. And when he declares that disarmament is the crux of the whole matter he is right. We said so months ago.

Political Strategists.

The Coalition-Liberal organisers were badly routed by Sir George Younger over the February election episode, and their present propaganda does not appear to be any more skilful. The Premier used to be better served than this.

An Early Bird.

Colonel More-Brabazon, M.P., has a pretty wit. In the debate on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill he chaffed Lord Winterton, who always tells the House how long he has been in it, by remarking that the noble Lord appeared to have entered it two years below the age of consent!

Babies Barred.

Many Folkestone landladies are refusing to let rooms to families with children. This high and mighty attitude must be counteracted by the Town Council. What about a local black list?

In the Blood.

We love Dr. Bernard Hollander's story of the son of a distinguished diplomatist who, after examination by a psycho-analyst, was found to be "an inveterate liar." But of course it all happened before the war.

Too Honest!

Mr. Stanley Baldwin is not leaving the Board of Trade, much as the Prime Minister and the Coalition Liberals dislike his handling of the Safeguarding of Industries Act. What worries them is that Mr. Baldwin is an honest politician.

The Borstal Horror.

So they have caught the poor boy who, revolting from the horrors of Borstal, made a dash for liberty. And now, no doubt, the brutal officials will flog him to their hearts' content. All for his good, of course.

No Room for "Conchies."

The London County Council refuses to reinstate conscientious objectors whose services it dispensed with during the war. Quite right. These people should not have a look-in while a single ex-Serviceman is without a job.

A Purpose Divided.

The prospect of an Entente Cordiale between the Wee Frees and the Labour Party is as remote as ever. And our late lamented Mr. Masterman has not helped matters. It is a tragedy that the two wings of the progressive movement cannot unite.

Serpents In Our Midst.

There are still far too many known Irish revolutionaries and associates of gunmen employed in Public Departments. No steps have been taken to eliminate them, even when occasionally individuals are arrested. What fools we are!

The Holy Land.

The Jews as a race have always had fair play in John Bull. But that is no reason why the British people should be bled white to provide them with a home in Palestine that most of them do not want. Look how they love London.

An Inhuman Show.

The employment of prisoners at Pentonville in repairing and painting the prison gates before thousands of curious eyes was an experiment which should not be repeated. To expose these unfortunate men to the public gaze is to add unnecessarily to their punishment.

False Economy.

If the Government persist in their declared intention to appoint persons other than qualified teachers to take the classes of children under six years of age, they will be saving up trouble for the next generation. The importance of scientific teaching and training in early childhood is immense. Why should the children of the people be the only ones denied such advantages—for the sake of "economy"?

Bevan's Relations.

What's the idea of trying to save public men the pain of being mentioned in connection with the Bevan case? What right have they to put their own feelings first, and keep from justice a swindler who has ruined so many homes? But watch the House of Commons. If one or two of the "big noises" have their way, Bevan will not be brought to England at all. That's the advantage of being *somebody's* brother-in-law.

The Old, Old Story.

William Edward Ridgers, an ex-service man of Thames Ditton, died suddenly. He joined the Army in 1914, and was gassed, being discharged in 1916 or 1917 on a pension of 8s. per week. A *post-mortem* revealed that death was caused by heart failure from tubercular disease of the larynx and lungs, a condition due to or accelerated by his Army service. Had he been put on full pension and had treatment, he would probably have been alive to-day. Enough said.

Watch Bonar Law.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., the President of the Board of Trade, was Financial Secretary to the Treasury when Mr. Bonar Law was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is, moreover, one of his closest friends. Whatever Mr. Baldwin does about fabric gloves is approved by Mr. Bonar Law. Watch Bonar Law.

Restaurant Tyrants

There is still far too much cruel sweating in hotels and restaurants, especially among the female staff. The average teashop girl in the syndicated cafe has little to complain about. It is the slave in the coffee house, and the chambermaid in the fashionable West End hotel who need protection, and it is up to Dilke House and Miss Margaret Bondfield to get busy.

Lascars First.

Having a good knowledge of Hindustani, an ex-Dragoon Guardsman, with twelve years' service, wrote to the P. & O. Company, after the *Egypt* disaster, asking for work in any capacity, even as a fireman. They replied that they employed only Lascars as fireman. But why not offer him a job as a deckhand? There are plenty of Lascars employed in that capacity who could well be replaced by a British ex-soldier.

Bilsky on the Bounce.

If Judge Cluer is accurate in stigmatising Mr. Bilsky, of Stoke Newington, who stepped into the witness box at Shoreditch Town Hall, smiling and bland, as "a professional cheat in the way of creditors," Mr. Bilsky is obviously not a nice man for creditors to know. What is more, he ought to be locked-up and rendered incapable, for a time at least, from following his audacious profession. Unfortunately, the law has been so amended to his advantage that Bilsky is able to save his bacon.

Acton's Elephantine Edifice.

All Acton and Shepherd's Bush is wondering what is to happen when that colossal mausoleum in which the Ministry of Pensions is to be housed blossoms out into activity. It is clear that it will bode no good to the taxpayer. No one begrudges the payment of pensions, but there must be a way of administering their payment in more economical surroundings.

Telephone Hare and Tortoise.

Aberdeen has been found to eclipse London in the matter of telephone speed, and Mr. Kellaway cannot understand why. It appears that, as the result of tests made in seven cities, London came sixth and Manchester last, Aberdeen leading easily. London's "hullo girls" must get a move on. London cannot afford to play tortoise to Aberdeen's hare.

Jostling in "Brum."

If a "hero of the Great War" ventures to accost a passenger leaving New Street Station, Birmingham, with an offer to "carry your bag, sir?" the chances are he will be pounced upon by a policeman, and incontinently "run in." We think a little more consideration might be shown the "down and outs" in "Buttonopolis"—particularly unemployed-ex-Service men.

Preposterous Pay!

There seems to us to have been very good grounds for the opposition to the appointment of Dr. Olive Falk as Assistant Medical Officer for Maternity and Child Welfare Work for Croydon, at a salary of £600 a year. This lady's husband holds a good official position in India; and whilst there is so much professional unemployment it does not seem right that a married woman should draw so handsome a salary at the ratepayers' expense.

Rent Ramp Ahead.

It is easy to prophesy that whatever modifications emerge for the Departmental Committee to be set up to consider the renewal of the Rent Restriction Act will not be to the advantage of tenants; they will not reduce rents or improve the conditions of tenancies. Property owners are not satisfied with their 40 per cent. increase on August, 1914 rents. Despite the decrease in the cost of building, they want leave to get all they can squeeze.

The Varying Hour.

At Bow Street a few daysago, Sir Chartres Biron, the Magistrate, affirmed it is "anomalous and undesirable" that some licensed premises in Central London should be allowed to remain open an hour later than others. There are, however, two sides to this question, as to most. What is hereby suggested to Sir Chartres is that it is anomalous and undesirable that some licensed premises in Central London should be compelled to close an hour before others.

A Disgraceful Duke.

Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of the Duke of Leinster's crazy motor-car dash from London to Edinburgh, at a speed which at times reached 75 miles an hour, to win a wager of £3,000, the incident stamps him as a graceless fool rather than as a responsible member of the Upper House of Legislature. Instead of amusing himself with such a dangerous and disgraceful disregard for the law, he would be better employed if he followed the example of Viscount Cranbourne, and tried to do something useful in the city.

THE LONELY HOUSEWIFE.

by CLEMENCE DANE

AT the recent inquest on a poor lady who killed herself during a fit of depression, the coroner said, "It is a difficult problem to deal with, this depression among housewives!" and a famous doctor is reported to have remarked: "This case of the suicide of the childless woman of forty-seven is typical. Forty-seven to fifty is the dangerous age. But younger women have no reason to be depressed. If the housewife finds she is becoming bored, she must not yield to the feeling. There are cinemas, theatres, tennis! There are friends to be made. There is no reason why she should allow herself to become bored or depressed."

That as far as it goes is sound comment. Yet I wonder if many lonely housewives will not sigh and shrug their shoulders as they read it and say, "Just like a man!" For theatres, tennis, friends, are not always easily come by. Lack of means, lack of position, lack even of the social charm that alone could make a quiet married woman indispensable at other people's parties, all these lacks must be reckoned with. And even if such amusements were at her command I think any woman who has ever really known "loneliness" (used in the sense in which the poor soul whom it killed used it), would laugh at the suggestion that such variations of monotony could cure her trouble. She would say that to offer a person the cinemas or tennis as a cure for depression was like offering a starving man a pennyworth of acid drops. The trouble is not lack of amusement but a lack of *raison d'être*.

Yet surely there *is* a cure. The doctor already quoted describes how "many childless women have saved themselves at this age by mothering something, a cat or parrot"; indeed we have all seen such cases, I, for one, always with a faint sense of repulsion, not against Grimalkin or poor Polly, but against Grimalkin or poor Polly in the wrong place. One just cannot endure to see a woman take a Pekingese to her heart when there are so many motherless children in the world.

The other day I got into a railway carriage where a lady was sitting with a lively small boy of four. We made friends, of course (because I happened to have a Noah's Ark with me on its way to a friend of my own). A healthier, happier child I have never seen, nor a more contented mother. And when at last the Ark palled and he curled himself up and went to sleep in her lap, she told me with charming simplicity that she herself had no child, but that neither she nor her husband "could do without one!" and so they had given this small stranger a share of their home and their hearts. Soon they hoped to adopt a second, "lest he should be lonely!" I thought her as sweet and wise a woman as I had ever met and I pass on her remedy to lonely housewives.

Disproportionate Punishment.

Although John Crawford, formerly of Walmesley Road, Leigh, had been twice previously convicted for similar offences, when he appeared at Leigh Borough Police Court on the charge of indecently assaulting a nine-year-old girl in a field, he was merely sentenced to four months' hard labour. Only the "cat" can stamp out this horrible crime.

A Return to Sanity.

We congratulate Mr. Bertrand Russell, hitherto known as a publicist holding extreme Socialistic views, on what appears to be a return to political sanity. His review of *The A.B.C. of Communism*—written by two Russians possessing unpronouncable names—does credit to himself and to sober Trade Unionists who now control the *Daily Herald*, which published it. Bolshevism is an impossible policy.

A Portsmouth Protest.

The unemployed of Portsmouth complain loudly of the grudging spirit and want of sympathy shown towards them by the local Guardians. They allege that the Distress Committee's assistance and the Goodwill Fund are being used in reduction of the rates. As these were subscribed to supplement the Board's dole, these protests seem to be justified.

Chair! Chair!

Though it is not at present disclosed when the enthronement of the Chairman of the London County Council in the new palatial County Hall is to take place, it will be a matter of rejoicing to ratepayers that the Council have already ordered the thrones; one for the Chairman, one for the Vice-Chairman, and one for the Deputy Chairman—price £116 a piece. Golden thrones indeed!

Hounding the Helpless.

Nothing offends the Englishman's innate sense of fair play more than the persistent persecution of a wrongdoer for an offence which he has already wiped out by imprisonment. That is why we take up the cudgels on behalf of R. A. Salthouse, of Hoxton, who, till recently, was Secretary to the Shoreditch Organised Unemployed. Rumour having associated his name with certain thefts from the Town Hall, he demanded a public inquiry for the vindication of his character. We insist that he is entitled to it.

A Long, Long Trail.

A poor woman named Edwards, carrying her two-year-old baby in her arms, tramped from London to Bristol in search of work. Finding none there, she walked to Cardiff. Still no work. Footsore and weary, still hugging her child, she plodded across country to Hull—where she collapsed after her 560 mile pilgrimage. What ghastly irony there is in the announcement that "It is hoped to find work for her when she leaves the hospital"! Must one stand on the threshold of the Valley of Shadows nowadays before gaining sympathy?

Pushing the Punter.

At the invitation of Leonard J. Ware and Sons, the Purley Turf accountants, a Croydon reader opened an account two years ago, and has done business with them practically daily ever since, standing to lose on an average £3 a week. He has by no means been lucky, but has always paid his losses. Now the firm inform him that his business is so small that they cannot carry on the account. This strikes us as being not only unsportsmanlike, but pernicious, for it is an indirect inducement to a man to wager more than he can afford.

Auction Sale Atrocities.

The other day, at Derby, a sheep was unloaded from a butcher's float with such brutal force that one of its eyes was knocked out. We consider that callousness was carried to an extent which justified a vigorous protest, if not a prosecution. Where are the R.S.P.C.A. officials?

One at a Time, Please!

An advertisement in a Yorkshire pape offers a handy man who is a good gardener, living in, 10s. a week if he can look after poultry, etc. It is as well that the advertiser remains anonymous, otherwise special police might have to be drafted into the district to deal with the rush for the job.

Punishment!

The punishment dealt out to her nine-year-old boy by Annie Hall, of Cropwell Bishop, Notts, was to blindfold him and press his hands against the hot oven door, burning them so severely that the scars are still visible. She also thrashed him with a razor-strop, wounding him in the neck with the buckle. The punishment meted out to her by the Bench was a paltry fine of thirty shillings. Without being barbarous, we have it in our hearts to suggest something with boiling oil in it.

Heartless Conduct.

An ex-Service man, with his wife and child, was tramping to London in search of work when he was taken ill on the road-side. He sought admission to the Swainsthorpe Workhouse, but the Matron turned him away on the score that the tramp wards were closed. Her conduct has brought a sharp rebuke from the Ministry of Health, but we would like to add our own by reminding her that had the war been on the finest palace would have been flung open to the poor fellow.

Robbing the Sick.

Patients in the Military Hospital at Rawal Pindi complain that the native ward servants water the milk and appropriate the ice, and that protests to the M.O. are unavailing. Sick Service men in India—or anywhere else, for that matter—are entitled to protection from so mean a form of robbery.

A Dignified Refusal.

We congratulate the Henstead Guardians for refusing to allow paupers' unclaimed bodies to be sent to the Anatomical School of Cambridge University. As the Chairman rightly pointed out, if the proposal were adopted they would introduce a feeling of dread into the lives of the poor old people, because it is always the poor who are sought for this purpose. We think that a "pauper's" living body is desecrated enough without adding to the disgrace when he is dead.

"A Purpose Diverted."

Apropos of our recent comments upon "The Lady Workers' Homes, Ltd.," established by Councillor A. Davis, of St. John's Wood, N.W., we find that this gentleman takes strong exception to our description of him as a "philanthropist" whose enterprise has been allowed to degenerate into a mere dividend-earning concern. It appears that Mr. Davis never claimed to be a philanthropist, but that from the outset the Lady Workers' Homes were an honest business enterprise, returning a reasonable profit. Admittedly this alters the case considerably, and having had the opportunity of seeing the buildings referred to, we congratulate Councillor Davis, who is one of the few housing enthusiasts to have evolved a workable scheme. We have pleasure, therefore, in making him this *amende honorable*.

KEEPING TO THE RIGHT

by ARNOLD BENNETT

OBVIOUSLY it is ridiculous that the rule of the pavement should be Keep to the Right, while the rule of the road is Keep to the Left. It is also dangerous. And it is also very English. We love anomalies and we hate change. And greatly as we hate any change we hate most a logical change. A logical change would have been to alter the rule of the road to the Right, so as to conform to the world-practice, but that would have been too troublesome as well as too logical. So we take the easiest way and cut ourselves off more completely than ever from the rest of the world. We like to be the China of the western hemisphere. Hang common-sense, and hang eternal inconveniences!

It is something that we have at last made a move towards reducing our rules of traffic from two to one. And it is marvellous that the move should have been made by London, in many points the most backward city on the island, a city which some of the leading provincial corporations rightly regard with a tempered disdain.

But in this matter of a traffic rule London has behaved with characteristic muddle-headedness, for the experiment is being tried only in certain parts of London, not in all parts of London simultaneously! Thus you must keep to the right in one street and then, on turning a corner, you must keep to the left. This is comic, but it is pathetic, too.

The explanation, of course, is that every borough in London is absolutely determined to be a law to itself. All we provincials know Oxford Street, and Oxford Street is the field of the main battle between boroughs determined to be English and independent. You can stand in Oxford Street and see three public-houses which, by borough by-laws, have all different times for opening and closing.

Again, just west of Oxford Circus and immediately south of Oxford Street, there is a street called Princes Street. Exactly opposite, but north of Oxford Street, is another street called Princes Street. These two Princes Streets are within about a hundred yards of each other; they are in the same postal district; they are of equal importance; the resulting confusion must be continuous and acute; it could easily be remedied. But will it be remedied? No. Because the two streets are in different districts and neither district will oblige the other by changing a street's name.

All which is rather staggering—especially to a plain provincial. But in my view it is less staggering than the decision to alter the rule of the pavement in some parts of London and not in others.

Yet let not provincials be too self-complacent. The same spirit, in other forms, obtains in the provinces; and there is not a town without amazing examples of it. And we love it to be so. Our greatest delusion is the delusion that our faults are somehow virtues because they are ours!

JACOBY REVELATIONS

Why Shortt must be Pushed Overboard

WE offer no apology for returning to the subject of Jacoby—the boy murderer. He is dead. The manner of his passing and the question as to whether he was sane or insane, it would be idle to discuss. But with the information that has come into our possession we are very much concerned, and we should be guilty of gross neglect of duty were we to withhold it from the public.

This information is one more black mark against the Home Secretary, Mr. Shortt, who, when assailed on every hand for his bungling of the True and Jacoby cases, managed to escape with flying colours from the debate in the House of Commons.

Those colours, we say now, were carried through the storm by the sheer bluffing of Members, who were left in ignorance of the real facts of the case.

Let us examine them.

On April 28, Jacoby was convicted and recommended to mercy. On May 22, a petition was sent to the Home Secretary giving certain details of the boy's past life, to which we shall refer later. On May 30, Jacoby's solicitor visited the Home Office, but failed to see Mr. Shortt or to get any satisfaction.

On June 3, the solicitor sees Jacoby in prison, when the Governor informs him that he has received instructions from the Home Office to proceed with preparations for the execution.

During Sunday, June 4, and Whit Monday, of course, there is no one at the Home Office. The solicitor, however, sought out the foreman of the jury and another juryman, both of whom signed a further petition which was left at the Home Office on the Tuesday.

The next morning Jacoby paid the penalty of his crime. True was reprieved, and the public storm of indignation burst. Mr. Shortt was forced to defend his conduct. He did so in a speech in the House of Commons, and this is what he said :—

"*Jacoby was not the poor, friendless youth he was made out to be.* .... In regard to the facts, it was said the jury did not know all the facts of the case.... They did not know all the facts of the case, and very properly they did not know all the facts of the case. They did not know *the antedecents*, they did not know the story of previous robberies of like description, and many things which would have prejudiced their minds when they were arriving at the decision as to whether he was guilty or not. Therefore the 'jury did not know everything."

"Jacoby was not the poor, friendless youth," said the Home Secretary. Yet in the petition sent to him appears the words : "The boy was born on June 28, 1903, and, so far as can be ascertained, the mother and child were abandoned to the mercy of the world."

"The jury did not know his antecedents." Here they are, as given to Mr. Shortt in black and white, though in defending himself he probably deemed it better not to go into details.

"Immediately after marriage (to H. J. Jacoby), the boy's mother took to vices which could not but affect her boy's outlook on life in the future. Commencing with alcoholic excesses, she became a common prostitute and was ultimately found dead."

To use the boy's own words, "I do not remember my mother very much except that she used to knock me about a lot when in drink. She was kind to me when sober, but that was not often. I also remember she used to bring men home and put me under the bed while they were in bed."

Young Jacoby endured this life until he was seven. Then came a brighter time and a little happiness with relatives. Then back again to an atmosphere of drink and cruelty. He is found by the police, asleep on a doorstep. He becomes a washer-up in a public house, and a newsboy. Then he leaves or is driven from home.

Ultimately, he obtains the situation at the Spencer Hotel, and this unfortunate derelict finds himself charged with the most serious offence against Society, which has been so unkind to him since birth.

It is true that in his earlier years Jacoby once stole £15 at the instigation of an elder, but this fact would never have been known had he not voluntarily told the police after he had been charged with murder.

How adroitly, it will be seen, did Mr. Shortt use the material at his disposal to defend himself! "They did not know all the facts," was equivalent to "You do not know all the facts." By deadly innuendo and emphasis Mr. Shortt gained the sympathy and approbation of his listeners with a skill that almost equalled the mastery of Mark Antony in his address over the dead body of Cæsar.

But Cæsar was dead. So was poor Jacoby. And knowing what we now know, we again call upon the Home Secretary to resign.

Furthermore, we say that it will be the biggest political scandal of modern time if he is permitted to sit as a Judge in the High Courts. A blunderer in such a position is unthinkable.

WOES OF MOTHERHOOD

Callous Employers

IF there is any time in the life of a woman when she is entitled to all the tender care it is possible to bestow upon her, it is when she is passing through the bitter throes of motherhood. No matter what her station in life; no matter what the circumstances of her confinement; married or single—respect and comfort at such a moment would be withheld by only the most callous.

When Winefred Markwell, cook to Mr. Thomas Gray, of 7, Warren Drive, New Brighton, gave birth in the early hours of the morning to a still-born infant, she hoped to be able to conceal the fact from her employer, who had not suspected her condition.

Too ill, however, to proceed as usual about her domestic duties, the poor woman was forced to confess the cause of her pain and weakness.

We can understand there being some annoyance felt by her employer on the discovery of her frailty and its consequences; but the inhuman and indecent haste with which she was got out of the house and taken to Tranmere Infirmary, remains a lasting disgrace to Mr. and Mrs. Gray, as well as to Dr. Barry, who authorised her removal on the very day she gave birth to her child.

It is fortunate for all concerned that there was not a tragic termination to the incident.

CHILD SLAVERY

A Disgrace to Civilisation

NOTWITHSTANDING the various attempts of Parliament to crush out the monstrous iniquity of child slavery, the employment of young children still goes on.

Everyday, especially in the poorer quarters of large towns and cities, pitiful examples of child exploitation are obvious on every hand. In the early morning and in the evening they may be seen engaged in tasks which earn for them but a miserable pittance.

Recent statistics show that roughly 140,000 boys and 30,000 girls work regularly out of school hours. One London doctor who examined 2,000 school children, reported that out of 384 wage earning boys, 233 showed signs of extreme fatigue, 140 were anæmic, 131 had nerve signs, 63 per cent. shewed nerve strain, 64 were suffering from deformities due to the carrying of heavy weights, 51 had severe heart signs, 27 had severe heart affection, and 72 per cent. of barbers' boys were anæmic!

Damning statistics these, and more damning still when we consider the miserable payment given for this child labour.

One little boy peeled onions twenty hours a week for 8d. A milk boy received 2s. for 28 hours. Another youngster was paid 6d. for 20 hours. A little girl under six carried milk for 35 hours a week for her parents. Another girl of the same age acted as nurse for 29 hours a week for 2d. and her food. A boy of ten worked 72 hours a week on a farm for 3s. A newspaper lad worked 100 hours a week, including Sundays, and received 3s. 6d. A girl of 12 earned 9d. a week and food for carrying parcels. A greengrocer's boy started for the London market every day at 2.30 a.m., returning at 9.30 a.m. to attend school.

Of course our sympathies are with the poor parents of these unfortunate children. But common sense bids us tell them that they are prejudicing the future of their little ones.

Blind-alley occupations of the type quoted kill all ambition. In addition, children so employed out of school hours are being severely handicapped in the race of life. Instead of being mentally alert in school, they are overcome with inertia.

But it is for the authorities to take proper action. As a nation we cannot afford to allow the necessary sunshine and playtime to be eliminated from the lives of young folks.

Moreover, to sacrifice a child's future on the altar of slavery is a criminal and inhuman offence against civilisation.

RIGHTING A WRONG

Dorothy Baker's Future

OUR appeal last week for the release of Dorothy Baker, the nineteen-year-old Southend typist, sentenced to three years' detention in a Borstal Institution instead of being sent to a mental home, has been followed by an inquiry by the Home Secretary.

Members of the House of Commons have taken a keen interest in the matter, and we should not be surprised if this young girl was soon set free from the penal establishment in which the Bench of lay Magistrates at Chelmsford had thought fit to incarcerate her.

Further facts have come to light since the disclosures were made in JOHN BULL. The two mental specialists who sent reports to the Southend Magistrates, stating emphatically that she was mentally abnormal, won the sympathies of the Magistrates' Clerk, who wrote stating that the girl ought to be sent to a mental home.

The only obstacle was the lack of funds to provide the treatment—so, instead, Dorothy Baker was sent to the very last place for such cases. Now, however, we are glad to say the monetary handicap has been removed, for the necessary funds have been collected for a year's mental treatment.

All that remains is for Mr. Shortt to act on the medical evidence that has been sent to him. For once he must bow to public opinion.

THE BOSS HAS HIM ON THE CHAIN WEEK DAYS
THE JOB
BUT THESE GOOD PEOPLE PROVIDE HIM WITH A NICE CHANGE OF CHAINS FOR SUNDAY WEAR —GOD HELP HIM!!
DON'T

SABBATARIANS—GIVE HIM A CHANCE!

THE ENGLISH YOUTH (to Wardress Grundy and Dr. St Blains, the Sour Sunday Tyrants):—
"Tell me—is this a day of rest or a day of arrest!"
(The question of Sunday Games in the Parks is agitating the L.C.C. and other Public Bodies).

Our Weekly KINEMA

St. Pat drove all the snakes, they say,
From Ireland, but we find
There's still a couple there to-day
He must have left behind.

If you sufficient cash can raise
A Baron you may be,
For "letters patent" nowadays
Are simply £. s. d.

In Palestine we've ploughed the land
And tons of money spent,
And now the harvest we've to hand
To some strange Russian gent.

Intent on raising funds somehow,
Fritz printed marks so many
That they're but "scraps of paper" now
And sold for eight a penny.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Marquis CURZON,
Kedleston, Derby.

MY LORD,—Of course, I am very sorry that you have been really seedy, because I had hopes that you were suffering from a diplomatic illness, in anticipation of an early retirement from the position of Foreign Secretary. The fact is that your innate pomposity is altogether out of keeping with the spirit of the times. You have always been immensely superior to the common herd. They don't mind that so much, but they do object to the little way you have of rubbing it in. And you haven't accomplished anything *very* remarkable, have you?

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Gen. Sir IVOR MAXSE, K.C.B., D.S.O.,
Commanding-in-Chief the Northern Command, York.

SIR,—You recently addressed the scholars at St. Peter's School, York, and seized the opportunity to preach the inevitability of war and deride the efforts made by the nations of Europe to prevent it. Your bloodthirsty vapourings would do little harm in the smoking-room of the Guards' Club, of which you are a distinguished member, but to go out of the way to plant the seed of militarism in the receptive minds of two or three hundred boys is doing bad service to your country at a time when all its genius is wanted for reconstruction.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. N. F. H. WARING,
New Brighton, Cheshire.

REVEREND SIR,—The sight of two women strolling together along the beach in their bathing costumes has moved you to an outburst of wrath. You not only preached a sermon about it, but also had yourself interviewed by a newspaper reporter, to whom you expressed thankfulness that the lady with whom you were walking at the time was your wife and not a mere friend. I don't quite see what the relationship of your companion has to do with it, but then I must confess that the tortuous working of a mind like yours is quite beyond me.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. E. T. FASHAM,
President of the Federation of Grocers' Associations.

SIR,—To youths about to enter business you commend the grocery trade as being both interesting and fascinating, and you go on to give them the excellent advice that they should never misrepresent their goods, and should always sell them at a reasonable margin of profit. I am glad to know that the budding grocers whose training falls into your hands will be taught the principles of honest trading. and not how to become millionaires in the shortest possible time. I am afraid that is the motive which actuates a good many of your brethren in the trade.

JOHN BULL.

To J. HARTREE, Esq., J.P,
Chairman of Magistrates, Exmouth.

SIR,—A lad of 17 pleaded guilty to stealing a £1 Treasury note, after having owned up voluntarily and refunded the money. He had lost his parents and it was felt that he had been subjected to very great temptation, so the prosecution suggested that he should be released on his own recognisances. But you and your colleagues insisted on branding him as a criminal by sending him to prison for 14 days. In so doing you have shown yourselves quite unable to perceive the more noble and useful side of a Magistrate's duties—the reformation of the wrong-doer.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN,
Wimbledon.

DEAR SUZANNE,—Awfully good of you to tell the reporters how you keep your stockings up. These international mysteries are always intriguing.

JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM CLIVE BRIDGMAN, Esq., M.P.,
Ministry of Mines, S.W.

DEAR WILLIE,—You are one of the most delightful men in the House, but you have not got much of what the Yankees call "pep." The coal merchants were complaining recently that they got a profit of only 5d. per ton. Almost immediately afterwards the price went down 9s. These two things taken together surely indicate that there is dirty work somewhere. But when your attention is called to it, you can only say that Parliament has given you no power to make any enquiry. What are you and your Department doing? If you are too busy on statistics to tackle realities, I should suggest that it is high time you disappeared.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs GOLDSWORTHY,
Muswell Hill, N,

MADAM,—I fully share with Sir Herbert Nield the abomination and horror to which he gave expression on the Bench at the disgusting behaviour on your part disclosed at the trial of the two young men convicted for stealing property belonging to your husband. All through your cross-examination rang the parrot-cry that you were a Bohemian. You are nothing of the sort. But whatever grade of society you do belong to, your pernicious influence has brought these two mere lads to shame, and sent one to prison. I hope you are satisfied with your work.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. MARCHBANK,
President, National Union of Railwaymen.

SIR,—Your presidential address drew a sombre picture of workers grazing in the fields like cattle, and called for "resistance to the uttermost" against further wage revisions. I don't think railwaymen are in any danger of the compulsory vegetarian diet which you seem to fear. One does expect a person in your position to have some slight regard for the laws of economics, and I should advise you to read them up before you speak again on this subject.

JOHN BULL.

To ERSKINE CHILDERS,
Dublin.

SIR,—Although you have thrown in your lot with the Irish irreconcilables you are in fact a Yorkshireman, a public school boy, and a graduate of Trinity, Cambridge. You fought for England in South Africa and in France, and won distinction. Evil influences, however, have turned you into a renegade. I advise you to read again and yet again the fine letter you got from your brother last summer, though I fear you are too far steeped in treachery for it to do you any good. Even the country of your adoption has now turned you down, and hurled you out of its Parliament. Perhaps at your third attempt you will find a nationality where you will be appreciated. But I doubt it.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to the BROTHERS MELVILLE,
Strand.

GENTLEMEN,—Congratulations! At last, sensibly, you have settled the quarrel, which should never have begun. Brothers do not always get on, but your disagreement meant suffering to nearly three hundred of your employees. And, anyway, we haven't so many good theatres that we can afford to let our Lyceum stand empty.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Sir ROBERT CLOUGH, M.P.,
Oakworth Court, Keighley.

SIR,—I agree with you that the beer-drinking Englishman is at least as good as the wine-drinking Frenchman, the coffee-drinking Turk, the whisky-drinking Scot, or the ice-water-sipping American. And you might have added that he will be better still when, by the grace of the Government, the quality of his beer improves.

JOHN BULL.

Every day uninsured homes are burning down: "JOHN BULL" insures yours FREE:

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

Pity the Child!

IN the shadows of our social life stands the lonely, pathetic figure of the unmarried mother. Frequently a girl of tender years, often a mere child, the woman who outside wedlock brings an unwanted babe to birth may endure tortures unspeakable.

We say at once that this need not, and ought not to be. We have every respect for the accepted canons of morality, and hold most strongly that in their most intimate relationships men and women should seek the sanction of the law. But this is no reason why we should wreak a savage vengeance upon those whose only crime in most instances is that they have loved not wisely but too well. The result too often is stark tragedy.

Fresh in the memories of all is the case of Edith Roberts, released the other day from Liverpool Gaol after nearly two years of penal servitude following the murder of her newborn child. Agreed that it is a terrible thing for any woman to take the life of her baby, but it is a still more terrible thing to plant such shame and agony in a mother's breast that madness quenches her natural love of her child. But we do worse than this. We insist that the innocent offspring, the helpless victim of illicit love, shall wear the badge of infamy.

The ugliest term in the whole nomenclature of law is used to describe the child born outside matrimony, and from its earliest years the poor waif of passion is afflicted with a haunting sense of shame, Moreover, there are practical disabilities; the child of unmarried parents has no presentable birth certificate, no claim to maintenance at the hands of its father except through a special order of the Magistrates, no right to any name but that of its mother, who in the eyes of society stands disgraced. It is monstrously, unthinkably wrong.

The present Bastardy Laws, as they are called, are a disgrace to civilisation and a slur upon our reputation as a Christian land. It is not merely that we are ready to cast stones at the sinner, but, having glutted our social anger upon her, we spitefully assail her child.

Yet surely we must recognise, if we are human, that there can be no such thing as an "illegitimate" child; there may be illegitimate parents. To visit their sins upon the children is sheer barbarism. Indeed, the ancient races were wiser and more humane, and it was a settled principle of Roman Law that where the parents of an unlawful child subsequently married, the child should for all purposes be regarded as having been legitimately born. So backward is our civilisation in certain respects that only now is a definite attempt being made to bring our modern law on this subject up to the level of humanity which obtained in the Roman Empire.

The Bill which is shortly to be introduced into the House of Commons to achieve this purpose deserves the emphatic support of all decent-minded men and women. We strongly urge the Government to bring the measure forward without delay and to afford the widest facilities for its passage into law. For thousands of children it will be a charter of justice, a lease of honour, a guerdon of right. But we must do more than this.

It is idle to pride ourselves upon the "morality" of our attitude towards the unmarried mother while its main result is to drive her into social outlawry where virtue ceases to count. The aim should be to enable her to regain her honour, to reclaim her place in society, and recover the respect of her friends.

Above all, we must be fair to the children. Whatever may be thought of their parents' conduct, they have done no wrong. The scornful revenge we take upon the offspring of wayward passion is a blot upon the civilised code.

The Press and the Public.

IT is the duty of the Government to mind its own business. Certain things it must do, and others emphatically it must not. It may not be common knowledge that under the erratic inspiration of Mr. Lloyd George the Coalition wire-pullers have established an up-to-date Press Agency from which "dope" of one sort and another, in ever increasing quantities, is handed out to a section of the Press.

By many provincial journals, and one or two London organs, this ready-made "copy" is eagerly seized upon, with the result that under the guise of news and even of editorial comment, readers are regaled with the stale meats of Downing Street. As often as a by-election occurs the stream becomes a torrent.

We say unhesitatingly that this concocted news service, under the auspices of the Government of the day, introduces an evil principle which is entirely alien to the free traditions of the British Press. The practice may easily extend, and before long we may see newspapers established and maintained for no other purpose than to boost the Government. From this it will be but a short step to quartering the cost upon the Exchequer and making the public pay for the dust flung in their eyes.

This is what has happened in several Continental countries, and it may occur here unless we are alive to the danger. In our view, the only sound principle for the conduct of any newspaper is that of absolute and complete independence. It should truckle to no Party and respect no authority other than the will of the people.

It is the aim of all governments to escape criticism and win flattery, but the newspaper which panders to these desires is unworthy of its trust. If the Press is to remain a power in the land it must guard its freedom with the most jealous care.

We vow that no inspired message from Downing Street shall ever appear in the pages of JOHN BULL. We have a receptacle big enough to hold all the dope that Mr. Lloyd George can send us. It is open night and day.

Defence not Defiance!

IT is time commonsense was brought to bear on the problems of air defence. Hysterical screaming on the one hand and silent indifference on the other are alike out of place. It is no use asking us to forget the agonies of the last war, the horror of Zeppelin nights, the ruthless slaughter from the skies. These memories are ours for life.

The plain duty we owe to ourselves and to our children is to see to it that as far as is humanly possible our air defences are complete. Not all the alarm is hysteria, and not wholly without reason does the average citizen blame the attitude of the Government. We are in agreement with Mr. A. G. Gardiner, that in this matter it is not necessary to pit our resources against those of France and to scrutinise our building programme by jealous comparison with hers. We prefer rather to examine the British position on its merits and consider whether in the present state of the world it is one of safety.

The bald facts are these. The Air Force, upon which at the moment we rely for the defence of our homes, consists of 144 machines. These are largely of obsolete pattern and would be hopelessly outclassed in conflict with the latest type of aircraft.

We are rubbing along with old-fashioned wooden machines while German factories are turning out all-metal aeroplanes at a rapid rate.

The "bow and arrow" policy, condemned in these columns by Sir Percy Scott, long before Lord Northcliffe fell in love with the neat phrase, dominates the situation. There is no need, as we have said, to single out any European or Asiatic Power as the potential enemy of Great Britain. The crushing fact is that in the event of war we should be outfought in a night by any country possessing a first-class fleet of modern aeroplanes. So much is common ground.

In such a situation, as it seems to us, there are two choices open. Either we must have an Air Force which is a reliable fighting weapon, or, alternatively, ignore the risk of war and let things slide. The pacifist school, which has swollen in numbers of late, would have us adopt the latter course.

We cannot follow their reasoning. The risks are too terrible, the outlook too painfully uncertain. Happily there is reason to believe that vast improvements might be effected without adding seriously to the burden of the taxpayer, if only the public would insist upon receiving full value for the ten millions a year spent on the Air Force.

It is notorious that money which should be spent on fighting machines is being frittered away on frillings, and that the first essential is the reorganisation of the Air Ministry upon sound business lines. It will take more than the bland assurances of the Prime Minister—never more persuasive than when entirely in the wrong—to convince the country that all is well.

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A DOWNING STREET SCANDAL

Amazing Appointment at No. 10

Mrs. Lloyd George has appointed Miss Sophie Ries to be her private secretary in succession to the Rev. J. T. Rhys, who has accepted another appointment.

BEHIND the above announcement, which appeared recently in the daily Press, there lies a little story that ought to be told.

Miss Sophie Ries, Secretary and confidant of the wife of the British Prime Minister, bosom friend of his daughter, Miss Megan Lloyd George, and one who is treated as a member of the Downing Street family rather than a paid employee, *is of German descent.*

This fact is proved by the woman's birth certificate. She was born on Feb. 24, 1895, at 18, Compayne Gardens, Hampstead, N.W., her father being August Ries, a German subject who in 1889 was granted a British Naturalisation Certificate.

The woman's mother is Alice Frida Ries, formerly known as Hirschorn.

What will the outraged feelings of English women, who have suffered bereavement in the war be when they learn of these unsavoury facts? Mrs. Lloyd George, who as the wife of the Prime Minister is traditionally regarded as one of the highest ladies in the land, has favoured a girl of German descent in preference to members of her own sisterhood.

What has Mr. Lloyd George to say about it?

That the Prime Minister is not cognisant of the real facts of the case is difficult to believe. Sophie Ries has been a friend of the family for some years. She was Miss Megan Lloyd George's close companion during the war, and the Prime Minister's daughter has been a consistent visitor to the town flat of the Ries family. Which facts introduce a further undesirable element very suggestive of wire pulling amongst the feminine members of the Prime Minister's household.

We have nothing against Sophie Ries, but in the name of justice and fair dealing generally associated with the best traditions of the action of a British Prime Minister, her appointment represents a disgrace and an insult to pure-bred Englishwomen who should have enjoyed the privilege of competing for such an honoured position.

And in these troublous times those in high places cannot afford to flaunt public opinion in so gross a manner.

PROMOTION MADE EASY

A Famous Case—and a Sequel

ONE of the most famous cases of recent times was that in which Mrs. Gooding and Miss Swan of Littlehampton were concerned.

It will be recalled that Miss Swan made a complaint to the police to the effect that she was continually receiving anonymous postcards on which were written statements of a highly libellous and filthy nature.

As a result of police investigations, Mrs. Gooding, a neighbour, was arrested and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment.

Three months later, Mrs. Gooding was again arrested on charges made by Miss Swan, and this time she was sentenced to a term of twelve months. An appeal against the verdict was dismissed.

Later, the unfortunate woman petitioned the Home Secretary asking that further enquiries should be made into the mystery of the postcards.

The outcome of these investigations was that the case was reheard by the Court of Appeal, with the result that Mrs. Gooding was declared to be innocent of the charges, and was liberated.

At this second trial no evidence was tendered to prove Mrs. Gooding's innocence, the verdict simply being that the facts clearly demonstrated that Mrs. Gooding could not have been in any way responsible.

We recall this case because we consider it to be one of the finest examples of the art of muddling that it is possible to find.

For weeks the police pursued their enquiries. They had plenty of time to make full investigations. Yet they failed miserably and landed the country into the payment of compensation.

The Gooding case is made more interesting at the present time because the officer in charge of the investigations was Inspector Nichols.

And last week it was announced that Inspector Nichols had been made Chief Inspector of New Scotland Yard. In other words he becomes one of the "Big Four." We need say no more.

WAR MUSEUM WASTE

The Happy Family at Crystal Palace

FOR nearly four and a half years the War Museum has been in existence. During this period it has cost the country the best part of half a million pounds sterling. Probably more, for the expenditure has been characteristically camouflaged under various headings and in numerous supplementary estimates.

All that can be discovered is that the taxpayer is still being mulcted in £25,000 a year on account of rent, and in £30,000 a year in salaries.

Like every other Government Department this one has an imposing staff—the War Office, the Admiralty, the Air Ministry and the Civil Service each being represented by a high official, and a retinue of clerks and messengers.

This happy little family was called into being to collect souvenirs. They went to France—after the Armistice—and brought back the numerous trophies which were subsequently housed at the Crystal Palace together with the huge staff, which includes a Major-General, an Admiral, a Lieut-Commander, girl-typists, etc.

In theatrical parlance, the exhibition has "failed to attract," and the staff have now put forward a proposal to transfer the whole collection (including themselves, of course) to South Kensington Museum.

This scheme, for which official sanction is being sought, will dip deeply into the pockets of the taxpayers. There is the dismantling of the Sydenham collection, the removal to South Kensington, plus the cost of building additional galleries, and the possibility of increased rental charges.

The scheme undoubtedly has its advantages—for the staff. Kensington, for instance, is nearer the Service clubs, leading restaurants and theatres than the Crystal Palace; and the typists will probably find the shopping facilities offered preferable to those at Sydenham.

We humbly suggest that the whole staff be sacked; that the collection be allowed to remain where it is, and a couple of caretakers retained to see that dust is not permitted to accumulate, and that nobody walks off with a souvenir.

RAMPANT TYRANNY

Muddleheaded Mania for Suppression

by CLIVE NORTON

MERRIE England, the land of the free, is suffering from one of the worst forms of tyranny, the puritan mania for suppression.

Cranks and killjoys are endeavouring to establish a new rule of seven, when every day of the week will be a solemn Sabbath.

It is a reversal of the rule of civilisation. Savages, like wild beasts, devote themselves almost entirely to destruction. Civilisation teaches them to create.

Suppression is the great enemy of expression. A nation that is not allowed to express itself cannot live.

A nation is to be judged by its intellectual output. England is the greatest constructive nation the world has ever known.

Puritanism has never created anything—except America.

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers were tired of trying to suppress everything in England, they sailed across the seas and founded America, the most inartistic nation the world has ever known.

Now, like some dreadful Nemesis, their descendants in the form of America's surplus cranks and shouters of "Thou shalt not!" shibboleths are invading England and endeavouring to strangle all natural expression in the lives of the people.

That old tyrant George Bernard Shaw rushed his followers of the Fabian Society into Borough Councils and other minor authorities, where they promptly proceeded to repress all the healthy amusements of the people by piffling, pettifogging, restrictive by-laws.

Now they have penetrated into Parliament and inspired legislation permeated by their poisonous doctrines.

We may not eat, drink or be merry except at their will and pleasure. The only liberty that will soon be left us is liberty to live a life not worth living.

Recently several youths were fined at Highgate for singing in the road on their way home. It was called "insulting behaviour." Ye gods! Apparently if a young fellow with a little of the joy of life in him wants to sing in the open air, he must don a Salvation Army uniform and sing at a street corner.

A WORKING man must gulp down his half-pint of beer at ten or eleven o'clock at night, but you may see idle nobles and bloated baronets guzzling whisky and soda in the aristocratic clubs of the West End until two o'clock in the morning. They don't even trouble to have it served in a tea-pot, as is done in America.

Our politicians to-day are treating humanity as dogs. An Englishman is not a dog. He has developed very far beyond a dog. Yet the politicians expect him to live in a dog kennel or a rabbit warren, and are surprised that all kinds of vice flourish.

In American cities where the working classes are housed in tenements that are a disgrace to civilisation, and where the fraud of prohibition has been foisted on the people, you may see twenty drunken men for every one you will see in London.

This puritan obsession for suppression, which prohibited bull-baiting, not out of sympathy with the bull, but because it gave pleasure to the beholders, is not only unjust, it is utterly hypocritical.

As Samuel Butler phrased it, they "compound for sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to."

They insist on a multiplication of petty unnecessary laws, and compel the State to keep an army of officials to see that they are not broken by the common people, in order that they may themselves break far more important laws with impunity.

AND the poor people have to pay this ignoble army of taskmasters!

How can art, or beauty, or any kind of expression of the joy of life and a free existence flourish in such an atmosphere?

There have lately been signs of a renaissance of a love of the beautiful and attempts at artistic expression, but if this puritan domination gains the upper hand it will be nipped in the bud.

Englishmen must bestir themselves out of their apathy and indolence, and throw off the shackles which are hampering them.

If they do not, we shall degenerate until we are nothing but a mean, sour, money-grubbing race.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

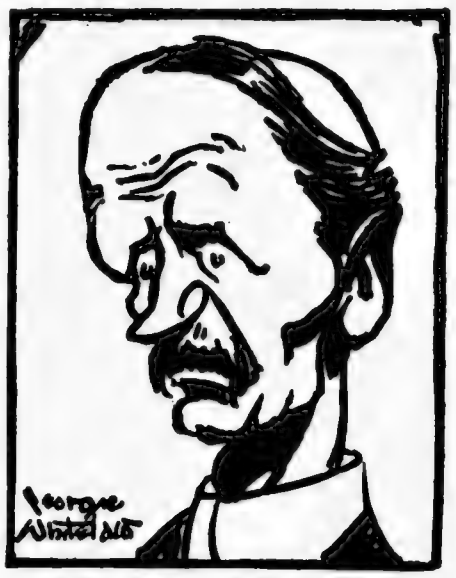
by HESKETH PEARSON

WHEN a man is noted for his exceptional honesty, he isn't as a rule noted for anything else. In the world of politics, at least, the effort of being honest seems to take up so much of a man's energy that he hasn't any strength to spare for efforts in other directions.

Perhaps we are expecting rather a lot when we ask that a genius should be an honest man. Whether or no, the fact remains that honesty and genius seldom go together. We must plump for one or the other; we can't have both, and as things go we may consider ourselves extremely fortunate if we get either.

BIG-POTS in the commercial and political worlds may disagree on every subject under the sun except one. That is the honesty of Bonar Law. His honesty stands out—impossible to be overlooked where the surrounding country is so flat—like the Wrekin in Shropshire! No one in the House of Commons questions it for a moment. Amidst all the sordid intrigue, wire-pulling, and bare-faced lying of the Front Benchers, Bonar Law's straight-dealing and integrity impress his opponents and sometimes make them wonder whether the Government he represents is quite as bad as they would like it to be.

That is why Lloyd George made a dead set at winning him over. The Premier knew that if he could gain and keep Bonar Law's friendship and support, he would stand a very good chance of remaining in Downing Street as long as he wanted to. And be it noted that all his Party troubles have arisen *since* Bonar Law's departure. No Prime Minister ever held a safer or a better shield . . . .



MR. BONAR LAW.

BUT there is very little more to be said on the subject. Bonar Law is not the sort of man who inspires sonnets. We know that he has a big name in the iron industry, which is precisely the kind of industry we would expect him to make a name in, but he is not a great leader of men, or even a good leader. He hasn't the gift of lashing multitudes to cheering-pitch. He can't persuade an audience that he is the man they want at the helm. He can't get them to talk about him. He doesn't even trouble to employ a good press-agent to circulate interesting details about his manner of life, his headgear, and whether he plays "hunt-the-slipper" in the domestic circle.

The truth is that he is unambitious. He never wanted to be a leader—even in opposition. The job was forced on him; he didn't seek it, and he didn't like it when he got it. After holding half-a-dozen vitally important positions at the head of affairs, he remains a plain, honest notability, who is everything except notable.

QUITE recently I was talking to a man who has known him for years, both in and out of the House.

"Surely," I said, "there must be something distinctive about Bonar Law, something peculiar to himself that stamps him and sets him apart from the average straightforward man?"

"No, no, I can't think of anything," he replied, pursing his brow and trying hard to recall some individual trait. There was a pause, and I was just going to change the subject when he added:

"Half a moment, though! Yes, there *is* something. How silly of me to forget it! He plays an excellent game of chess."

The Virtue of Reserve

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MANY years ago I heard distinguished scholar and divine say in the course of a private conversation that throughout his career he had kept steadily before his mind the rule: "A speechless front and a blameless life, and make no man the possessor of your soul."

It is a good rule to observe, especially when things are going badly, and things are going badly on a large scale just now. Many people are being brought low who once held their heads high: success has turned to failure, plenty to poverty, gain and security to loss and ruin.

Adversity is a great test of character just as prosperity is. Some shout their troubles from the housetops; others grapple with them in silence and meet the world with a smile.

The squealer gets small sympathy: his fellows do not respect him, and that is fatal. Acquire the complaining habit and you will have few friends. Men like to sun themselves in the society of the strong, not to shiver in the shadow of the weak. This is because most of them do not feel very safe themselves; they are not bad-hearted; they simply cannot afford to take many risks. They will generally stand by a comrade, but he must not whine if he wants them to stay.

Watch the change that comes over a man's attitude to one who admits being beaten in the struggle of life. Instantly his manner becomes more slighting, though perhaps not less outwardly cordial than before. You may not be in the least to blame for your misfortunes, but the less you talk about them the better. Maintain a manly reticence and fight your way up again.

HONOURS— AND TRICKS

by HARÓLD OWEN

TWICE a year that horticultural mystery, the Honours Tree, yields its miraculous fruit. And we simple souls wonder how it is done.

Inquisitive M.P.s bombard the Prime Minister, asking him to explain. "Delighted!" says the P.M. Thrusting out his chest with the muscular energy which comes of conscious rectitude, he says, "I have always acted upon the precedents set by my predecessors." In other words, "Nothing doing!"

Baffled, the M.P.s try to carry the matter a little further by questions that make nasty little references to "Party funds." And then the Speaker speaks: "My predecessors have decided that the Prime Minister has no responsibility to the House for any advice he may tender to His Majesty in respect of the distribution of honours." Foiled again. So they ask the P.M. if he will name a day when the House may have a little gossip on the matter. "Charmed!" says the P.M. "One of these fine days." Governments give many things away—never themselves.

So, driven to think the little matter out for ourselves, what does it amount to? Merely another instance of King Stork being no better than King Log. Time was when Kings alone, being "the fountain of honour," compiled their own Lists and allowed no P.M. to "butt in."

But, on that principle of "checks and balances" so dear to our Constitution, that prerogative was taken away from the Sovereign. "A King," said the progressive mind, "distributes honours in the interests of the Court. So Prime Ministers shall check and balance him, allowing him only to sign the Royal Letters Patent or touch the shoulder of the P.M.'s nominees. Then everything in the garden will be absolutely grand, and the Tree shall bear no corrupt or rotten fruit."

Capital idea—except that it overlooked the fact that a P.M. may have his little human weakness just like any H.M. And all that has happened is that we have "balanced" one abuse with another. For the Honours Tree, ceasing to sprout fruit for the Court, now bears an even goodlier crop for what is called The Party.

So it has always been and so it will probably always be. Devise what theories, systems, checks and balances in human government you will, they all come up against the impregnable rock of human imperfections. Having called in the politician to balance the Crown, we now apparently need to strengthen the Crown's prerogative in order to modify the political power; and there is no end to the see-saw of action and reaction. Indeed, we may see a recognition of how things stand in the proposal that a Committee of the Privy Council shall supervise the P.M.'s lists, and stand with a blue pencil between His Majesty and the scandal of "honouring" unworthy men.

UNEMPLOYMENT:

by A. G. G

"THE choice is between spending relief which we shall never see millions to restore our market saving others. It is a question of s

I HAVE been asked to say something about Unemployment. It is an ugly word, and it is an ugly thing. I would gladly pass it by and obey instead the request of an amiable correspondent who wants me to write an article on "Cheerio" lines. He is sure that if we will only "Keep on smiling" and saying "Cheerio" all will come right. Good, easy man. It is the ostrich philosophy: stick your head in the sand deep enough and the danger will pass by.

I am all for cheerfulness—I would infinitely rather go down to see the tennis tournament at Wimbledon this afternoon than write this article. I prefer reading about Hobbs to reading blue books and trade statistics.

In a word, I would be a complete ostrich myself if I could obey my natural impulse. I am for cheerfulness as much as my correspondent; but it must be instructed cheerfulness. It must be a cheerfulness that faces realities. Hence I cannot be a complete ostrich. I can be only a sort of half an ostrich, with one yearning eye on Wimbledon and the other glued to tables of statistics. Hence, too, instead of writing "Cheerio," I propose to write on how we are going to get out of the mess we are in.

IT is a very bad mess. Crudely stated, the question is whether this country can continue to maintain us or whether some millions of us have to go elsewhere for maintenance. It is not maintaining us now. One million six hundred thousand of us are living on outdoor relief.

How is the money found? The rates, heavy though they are, cannot meet these enormous demands. The guardians everywhere are borrowing to keep the unemployed alive. Birmingham has borrowed £410,000, Sheffield £400,000, West Ham £135,000, and so on. Meanwhile the trade unions are bankrupt and the National Insurance scheme is bankrupt.

THAT is the situation. It does not affect the working classes only. Those who are paying the out-door relief are often themselves having to borrow in order to meet the rates and taxes. Businesses are kept going by borrowing. Banks cannot call in their loans because their creditors would be brought down and would bring others down with them.

Take a case of which I have personal knowledge. A great business man in the North was called upon recently to reduce his overdraft at the bank. He had not the money. He had tens of thousands of pounds owing to him by honest firms, but they could not pay. What was he to do? He went to his solicitor. "Make out a list of your principal creditors," said the solicitor. He did so. "Now," said the solicitor, "send those first five names to the bank. Tell them that you are anxious to meet them by reducing your overdraft; but that you must first proceed against those firms in order to get the necessary money."

The business man wrote as he was instructed. He heard nothing more about reducing his overdraft. The bank knew that if he fell others fell with him. No one could tell where the rot would stop if it once began. Those are the terms on which the business structure stands to-day.

HOW long can it stand? How can the situation be redeemed? It is necessary, first, to realise that this unemployment is different in character from anything we have experienced in the past. Unemployment in the past was seasonal, periodic, due to weather, to changes of fashion, failure of crop and so on. It was the normal affliction of a normal world. It came and went.

That is not the case to-day. Unemployment to-day is due to something that has never happened before. The bottom has fallen out of the industrial system by which we lived and until we can get it back unemployment remains—and increases. We are paying the penalty of living in a highly-organised world. Our forefathers were self-sufficing. They grew their own food, made their own clothes, kept their own sheep, cut their own firewood. They were economic units. They could be indifferent to what happened in the great world.

But to-day the individual is not the economic unit; nor is the city; nor is the country. *The economic unit is the world.* I write this article and with the proceeds I buy meat from New Zealand for my dinner, wool from Australian sheep for my clothes, tobacco from America for my pipe, tea from India, coffee from Brazil, corn from the Argentine, and a hundred other commodities from a hundred other places. I irrigate the world with my spendings. And so with all of us. We are cells in the world organism, acting and reacting on each other.

IT is this astounding structure of the modern world which the war destroyed and which the insane "peace" is breaking to fragments. You may like or dislike the industrial civilisation. You may say it has destroyed the man in magnifying the machine, that it has belittled life and made us slaves of mechanical power. You may say that you would like to see the whole artificial creation scrapped and a new start

THE WAY OUT!

ARDINER

hundreds of millions on outdoor back again, and spending tens of ets to us. It is not a question of ving ourselves!"

nade on another plan. It cannot be done. We are creatures of the system into which ve were born and if that goes in the whirlwind we go with it. Frankly, I do not want o go in the whirlwind, nor I think do you.

BUT we are acting as though we did want to go in the whirlwind. The war destroyed the false bottom on which the ndustrial civilisation rested and all the vorld fell into the abyss together. Some ell deeper than others; *but we all fell.* And there we are floundering about in he dark, like wasps caught in a bottle, nd trampling each other to death without looking up to see the way of escape hat lies open to them. We are trying to ave our individual skins, or our national kins, at the expense of other people's skins —German skins, Russian skins, American kins.

We forget that there is only one skin for he lot of us. We forget that we form one conomic unit, that we are perishing from common disease, and that workmen are nemployed on Tyneside and in South Wales ecause other people are starving in Austria nd in Russia, and because the world machine f trade and exchange has broken down.

And the real problem of unemployment turns upon whether that machine can ver be set going again.

Before the war countries like Russia, Rumania, Austria-Hungary, Poland and ermany depended largely upon the export f surplus agricultural products in exchange or manufactured goods and materials ot produced at home. The wastage and on-replacement of capital during the war eft them with a greatly reduced productive apacity. This meant that, having a much iminished surplus or no surplus for export, hey could not buy from us the materials or reconstruction purposes. If instead of ending bombs and aeroplanes to Russia we ad sent rails and wagons, reaping machines nd good-will we should not only have kept ur workshops busy but long before this we hould have been receiving payment in food nd timber and a thousand necessaries of life.

But our policy has done more than estroy our enormous market in Europe. It as destroyed our markets elsewhere. If Russia and Germany cannot buy from ndia, India cannot buy from us. If Poland annot buy nitrates from Chili, Ch li cannot uy our manufactures. We hit Russia or ermany and get a kick in the back from razil or Peru. We make the world bankrupt and then ask why our trade is gone. We are not only strangling our customers. We are strangling ourselves. Take the astonishing follies with which the Government are choking British trade, filling our customhouses with mobs of officials, and increasing the cost of hundreds of articles that you use, from the gloves you wear to the tumbler from which you drink. At present Lancashire is in arms against the attempt to tax its trade out of existence under the pretence of taxing German-made gloves. What are we to say of men who did not know, or rather refused to know, that they were not taxing Germans, but cotton spinners in Bolton?

THIS is only one of a hundred of the examples of the imbecility which is destroying industry. A woollen manufacturer in Yorkshire sends out £10,000 worth of cloth to Germany to be dyed and treated. When it comes back it is priced at £16,000, on which 26 per cent. reparations duty is charged. All that has to be put on his cloth before he can market it. The German does not pay it. The manufacturer has to pay it and pass it on to you, his customer. And observe, it is levied on the total of which £10,000 represents British labour exclusively.

THESE artificial barriers to trade, whether they be economic, like the crazy Key Industries Act, or political, like the refusal to establish trade relations with Russia, are the chief cause of unemployment in this country. Until they are swept away the tide of world trade cannot flow, and this country, which depends more than any other upon world trade, cannot recover from the present stagnation. If unemployment is to disappear we must set Europe on its legs instead of keeping it on its back. To do this certain things are necessary.

1.—European countries must have the materials without which their power of production cannot be revived. In some cases, Government credit must be given.

2.—This will be the best step to restore their finances to a sound basis, but other help is necessary to stabilise and deflate their currency. Until this is done there is no medium of exchange.

3.—Abolish all economic and political trade barriers.

4.—Settle inter-allied debts and reparations. The boldest and wisest method in the long run would be to cancel them all.

5.—Stop the war and get to business.

If it is said that this means money, I ask what does the present policy mean? The choice is between spending hundreds of millions on out-door relief which we shall never see back again and spending tens of millions to restore our markets to us and set our factories humming. It is not a question of saving others. It is a question of saving ourselves, for while Europe is bankrupt we shall be unemployed.

GRADING MURDERERS

by MAJ. HON. C. LOWTHER, M.P.

MOST people take it for granted that Capital Punishment is necessary for the maintenance of the majesty of the Law. I do not personally share this view, but I will not at the moment contest it. With your leave, however, I will endeavour to give some reasons why the awarding of this punishment should be not only strictly limited, but also made impossible in certain cases.

I take it that we are all agreed that an individual who takes the life of another incurs a terrible responsibility before God and man. But do we all realise, I wonder, that in executing an individual we ourselves are incurring the very same responsibility, justifiable only on the ground of self-defence?

We do not allow the State or constituted authorities to commit crimes against the individual, any more than we permit the individual to sin against the community. Does not the same principle apply to the taking of life?

It is absurd to suppose that all murders are as bad in degree as each other, and yet a judge may sentence the convicted murderer to one penalty only, that of death. May I give two typical instances? A. for some years deliberately schemes to marry one woman after another that he may do away with each one in turn for the sake of her life insurance money. At last he is caught, convicted and sentenced to death. B., madly—yes, and probably illicitly—in love with a girl, kills her in a fit of passionate jealousy. He, too, is convicted and sentenced to the gallows.

And yet there is no comparison between the two crimes. If A. were respited and released after imprisonment, he might do the same again. B., after fifteen years of gaol, would come out into the sunshine again, a contrite man. For where there is great passion, great contrition always follows.

There is no doubt, then, that logically the Law should be amended to allow of a graduated scale of punishment for the different degrees of murder. But that is not the only respect in which it should be altered. Youths of under 21 years of age or anyone recommended to mercy by a jury should not be executed.

A person who is not of age cannot invoke to his aid the full powers of the civil law; it should not be possible to exact from him the full penalty of the criminal law.

Again, we often read that a jury has recommended some prisoner to mercy; alas! we find not infrequently that the Home Secretary disregards the recommendation. Yet it is the jury who have heard the evidence, seen the prisoner, and taken the responsibility for the verdict.

The law is certainly becoming more humane, as witness the passing of the Infanticide Act, but much remains to be done. I feel sure we are on the right course if we keep before us the most wonderful words that Shakespeare ever wrote: "The quality of Mercy is not strain'd . . . ."

CULTIVATING CORRUPTION

Prurient Postcards and Beastly Books

PROMPT action needs to be taken if the youth of England is to be saved from corruption at the hands of unscrupulous sellers of smut, who care for nothing but filthy lucre.

Since we last referred to the subject an investigation has been made of a number of shops in London where prurient postcards and beastly books are offered for sale, and the result is frankly astounding.

Over 200 shops in various districts of the Metropolis were inspected, and 127 specimens of postcards openly exhibited were purchased.

Of these 127 specimens, as many as 43 were flagrantly suggestive of indecency; 78 were extremely vulgar, to say the least, and 6 were pseudo-artistic nude portraits.

They were what might be termed "borderline" prints. They must rely for their sale on their suggestiveness, vulgarity, or appeal to prurient emotions. Although they are calculated to corrupt young people of impressionable mind, it is doubtful, in the present state of the law, whether any of them could form a basis for a successful prosecution.

In addition to these postcards, 19 books of a pornographic or pseudo-medical character were purchased. Any one of them might cause incalculable harm in the hands of young persons.

In the case of the postcards, a report was submitted to the Home Office, with a request that the law should be strengthened so that proceedings might be taken under the Summary Jurisdiction Acts. No action has been taken.

In the case of the books, a case was put forward for their suppression which, in our view, is unanswerable. Again, no action has been taken.

Owing to the apathy of the authorities in the matter, these shops where vile postcards and viler literature are on sale are on the increase. Where they were formerly to be counted in scores they are now numbered in hundreds. They have spread from the centre of London to the outer suburbs and all over the provinces.

It has over and over again been pointed out that while these cultivators of corruption are careful to keep just within the law in regard to the pictures and literature which they expose for sale, in many instances they use them simply as samples to lure curious youths to inspect still more disgraceful wares which are kept under lock and key inside.

In this manner vice, with its fell accompaniment of loathsome disease, is daily being manufactured, and hopeful lives ruined.

Why will not the authorities take action?

DETECTIVES AND DIVORCE

Enquiry Agents who Swindle their Clients

BEWARE of unknown private detectives!

Often they are little better than blackmailers, and the ways of the worst of them put the blood-sucking propensities of money-lending sharks in the shade.

There are, of course, a number of well-known private detective agencies of good repute.

Of late, however, the London and provincial newspapers have contained announcements advertising the services of many hitherto unknown enquiry agencies. The disreputable methods adopted by some of these constitute a very grave danger to the public, and are a disgrace to their promoters.

As the law stands, a divorce cannot be obtained without specific proof of misconduct, although it may be a matter of common knowledge. To obtain such proof it is sometimes necessary to employ private detectives. The anxiety of unfortunate spouses to escape from the bondage of an unequal yoke is one of the things on which these harpies thrive and batten.

A lump sum is demanded on account. The agency's fee will be several guineas a day, and one, two, or even three guineas a day will be added ostensibly for employees' expenses. Ten guineas down and five guineas a day is a very ordinary charge.

The client hopefully anticipates obtaining all the required information at a cost of twenty or twenty-five guineas. He is quickly disillusioned.

Reports come in faithfully, each day's reading more hopefully than the last. But at the end of the week no actual proof is yet forthcoming, and the victim finds himself confronted with a bill for five days' fees and expenses and a demand for a further sum on account.

The harpies have calculated his means to a nicety, and not until they have extorted the last possible guinea will the necessary evidence be produced.

Even more shameful is the manner in which these disreputable detectives allow their services to be used in connection with blackmailing cases.

An evilly-disposed person who is anxious to do an injury to the object of his enmity will employ one of these scoundrels to find out anything detrimental to his character. When the requisite information has been obtained, it is made use of for purposes of blackmail, not only by the principal, but by the detective agency as well.

Then, to crown the infamy, the detective engaged frequently turns on the client and blackmails him into the bargain!

A DOCTOR'S DECISION

Law Overruled by a Medico

THINGS have come to a pretty pass when the opinion of a doctor is allowed by a Pensions Appeal Tribunal to overrule an Act of Parliament.

This certainly seems to have occurred in the case of Francis George Serman, formerly a farm bailiff in the employ of Mr. A. H. Lancaster, of Sendholme, Woking.

Despite his age—46—this conspicuously patriotic man enlisted in May, 1915, in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, when many younger men hung back, and was soon in France.

Prior to his enlistment he had enjoyed robust health; but the hardships encountered at the front soon undermined his constitution, and he contracted acute bronchial catarrh. Demobilised in April, 1919, he was granted a disability pension which varied from time to time from 5 to 80 per cent.

Suddenly, to his dismay, his pension was stopped. He appeared before the Pensions Appeal Tribunal held at 86, Strand, London, where the Court appears to have been completely dominated by the Medical member who, in spite of convincing medical evidence to the contrary, decided that Serman's bronchial trouble was not occasioned by his war service.

Another bitter injustice to an ex-Service man!

TRAPPED IN A MENTAL PRISON

Lunatic Doctrine of the Lunacy Laws

"IN a country like this there is no such thing as absolute liberty," declares Mr. Justice Darling.

How precarious is the little liberty enjoyed by the King's subjects was revealed by the result of the case which was being tried before him when he made the remark.

Miss L. J. Gaul, a woman of great academic distinction, entered St. Andrew's Hospital for Mental Diseases at Northampton as a voluntary boarder for the purpose of a rest cure. She was promptly deprived of her liberty and treated as a lunatic.

Instead of finding herself amid the reposeful surroundings she anticipated, she was deprived of her clothes and compelled to remain in bed, although no Order under the Lunacy Act was made until nearly a fortnight later.

She was refused her claim for damages for wrongful detention on the ground that "it was to her advantage that she should be treated as she was treated," as a medical witness put it.

The law prescribes that if a person is alleged to be affected mentally certain procedure shall be adopted to deprive him of his liberty, but the doctrine that anyone may take the law into his own hands—or, rather, may take action without reference to the law—and place another under restraint is somewhat startling.

If the same doctrine were applied to other legal safeguards of liberty, a newspaper might publish a malicious libel and defend an action by showing that it was for the plaintiff's own good that he should be "taken down a peg or two."

Or take a case of assault. A man meets another whose rubicund complexion betrays his devotion to high living, and thinking that the loss of a little blood would do him good, punctures him with a knife or gives him a hard punch.

Extend this happy principle to the law of contract, and an employer may then summarily and wrongfully dismiss a man and defend any action brought against him by showing that it was for the benefit of the health of the plaintiff that he should rest from work for a while!

Only in the administration of the Lunacy Acts has such an absurd doctrine been entertained by a Court of Law. To those conversant with the ready way in which busy doctors are open to persuasion, it is quite clear that this sphere should be the very last into which it should be introduced.

"GREATER LOVE —"

Heroes of the Pit Shaft

HERE is a story that should be written in letters of gold.

In a sixty-foot sinking of a coal mine, near Chesterfield, an accumulation of poison gas was discovered.

George Merrick was lowered down the shaft seated on a flat board, taking with him a pipe through which the foul gas was to be pumped out.

He had not descended many yards before he shouted to be pulled up. As this was being done he dropped from the board, overcome by the fatal gas, and fell to the bottom.

Immediately one of his mates, John Toulson, insisted on going down in the same manner to the rescue of his unconscious chum.

When he had been lowered ten yards he, too, fell to the bottom overcome.

He had laid down his life in a futile attempt to save his friend.

Walter Wilton then had himself tied to the board, and a wet handkerchief fastened over his mouth. Twice he descended, but had to be drawn up again.

Faint and ill, he insisted on making another attempt. He reached the bottom, and was seen to get hold of Toulson, but was unable to lift him, and was hauled to the surface unconscious.

War can show no greater heroism than this.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WELLINGTON JOURNAL":—"William Francis, son of MR. AND THE LATE THOMAS—— . . . to Mildred, daughter of MR. AND THE LATE JAMES ——."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—"Gentleman Wants BEDROOM TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK; WITH WIDOW; no other boarders."

"STAFFORDSHIRE WEEKLY SENTINEL" "Sir J. B. Robinson, of South Africa, has declined the PEERESS which was offered to him."

"PEOPLE'S JOURNAL":—"A female child, ONE YEAR OLD, was found to have been viciously bitten on the left ankle, while two nights later HER BROTHER, EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE . . . . was awakened when rats snapped at his right foot."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"Fitting together the scattered fragments of the life of Galton, it was established that WHILE IN CHINA HE SPENT SOME TIME IN BERLIN."

"SOUTHPORT VISITOR" (advertisement):—"FLATS Wanted . . . . SMART YOUTH Wanted immediately for Shop."

"BELFAST TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—"Gentleman, quiet, retiring, SNAFFLE MOUTH, BROKEN TO STICK AND BALL, requires Apartments in Windsor district."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

HAVING removed his dripping hat and overcoat, the Impertinent Interviewer was standing in the hall of Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson's Battersea flat, ruefully contemplating his soaked spats through a rain-splashed monocle, when Mr. Johnson hurried forward to receive him.

"Mr. Bertie Bull, I reckon?" remarked the great drygoods panjandrum genially. "I guess by your appearance that you're one of the 'wets.' Waal, come in and hang yourself over the armchair to dry. Can I tickle your uvula with something warm? What d'ye say to a 'Pussyfoot cocktail'?"

"What is it?" asked Bertie innocently.

"A glass of warm milk with a cap off a ginger-ale bottle in it! Ha, Ha!"

Bertie shuddered, but succeeded in providing a polite impersonation of a Scotsman who has seen a joke.

"Guess you want to know how long it'll be before I make this li'l 'ole country dry?" remarked Mr. Johnson cheerfully.

"Not at all," replied the Interviewer; "I was going to ask how long will it be before you give up the attempt? Although you're not campaigning openly at present, I'm willing to bet you did not come over here for your health—if you had I would be only too pleased to drink it."

"And spoil your own, eh?"

"My dear old Pussyfoot," Bertie informed him, "I've been drinking other people's health ever since I got into spats, and my own is still quite O.K. Not that I would call myself a heavy drinker. In fact——"

"In fact, you're a moderate drinker, eh? Waal, I guess you goldarn moderate drinkers are the worst enemies we have. We don't mind the chronic boozer. But your sort's a different prapasition."

"I know; you can't do anything with us because our giddy old noses are no redder than your own, and you can't find any outward or visible signs to suggest that we're digging our graves with a corkscrew. That's the troube with you, my dear old Pussyfoot; you want to make drunken chaps sober by making sober chaps thirsty."

"Guess it's what I'm out after; and I've got a hunch that five years from now this li'l ole island will be hanging out a sign: 'Abandon hops, all ye who enter here.'"

"Not on your cheery old life!" exclaimed Bertie. "Britons never shall be slaves, though you're not the first who has held the contrary view—there was old Bill of Potsdam, f'rinstance."

"My dear sir," protested Mr. Johnson, "I trust you're not institooting a com-parison between Wilhelm Hohenzollern and myself!"

"No, I wouldn't go as far as that," the Interviewer told him. "We don't think you're a bad sort personally; but as American visitors we prefer Bill Taft or the Dolly Sisters. So I thought I'd call and give you the tip that just as England put the 'hel' in 'Wilhelm' it will put the 'foot' into 'Pussyfoot' should occasion arise. No offence, don'tcherknow; but it's a way we've got with people who try to interfere with our merry old liberties. That's all! Too-ral-lee, atta boy, s'long!"

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)*

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J. S. (Dalkeith), 2s.; "Sorrow," 1s.; "The Two H's" (Wood Green), 6d.; "Annie," 2s. 6d.; Miss E. A. (Egypt), parcel; Mrs. D. M. M. (Singapore), 100 francs; "A Poor Sympathiser" (parcel); K. E. T. (Upper Greetland), 2s.; C. T. (Battersea), 1s.; K. W. G. P., £1; B. T. (Macsdu), 10s.; R. H. (Auchinblae), 2s.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 3s.; W. O., 1s.; "Sympathy" (Blackburn), 1s.; Mrs. C. (Stoke Newington), parcel; "Snodland," 10s.; "Stopped Tap," 1s.; M. S. (York), 1s.; L. D. R., 1s.; T. M. (Wadebridge), 6d.; "Fag," £1; W. S. (Kilmacolm), 5s.; J. C. (Dumblane), 1s.; K. M. H. (Stockport), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. V., parcel; J. D. (Godalming), 1s.; E. M. (Ross-on-Wye), 5s.; J. H. (Bournville), 2s.; "A Friend," £1; Mrs. L. B. (Hull), 1s.; D. McG. (Cheltenham), 2s. 6d.; Anon, 1s.; Taxi-driver 366, 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; "Mother" (Spalding), parcel; J. H., 2s. 6d.; "Ess Ess," 10s.; "Miss Mystery," 2s. 6d.; E. E., £2; C. S., 5s.; L. C., 1s.; Miss C., 5s.

Mr. Frederick Casely, the Winner of the £1,000 Prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 450, has kindly sent us £15.

NO working expenses are deducted from subscriptions to this fund, all outgoings being gladly provided by us. Every penny we receive is devoted to the purpose for which it is sent, and is distributed under the supervision of an honorary Committee. Help us to help those in distress.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SLOW

From "Humanist's" Letter Bag

"COMPARED with the case of Humanism published in last week's issue of JOHN BULL, a brief story of heroic optimism, my story must seem to be of small account.

"As a child, my growth was impeded several years and I have always been backward. So I start life at a disadvantage, though I am a fair height, being 5 ft. 2 in.

"But I am very sensitive, proud, ambitious; and it is a combination of these qualities that has caused more agony of mind than even those most intimate can ever realise. For I am slow, and that word haunts me. Backward at school, ever being taunted with 'slowness,' my schooldays were not as happy as they should have been.

"Leaving school late after most others were making headway in business, I was apprenticed to a drawing office. Then my first job and the first remark I hear (sotto voce)—'slow,' and my pride in my work is crushed.

"Other jobs come and though the cause of complaint is veiled in more polite terms, yet the reason is not far to seek.

"By plodding and sheer doggedness I attempt to pass the Preliminary R.I.B.A., and am successful. Then comes the war. I join the R.A.M.C. with a friend in 1915, and my physical development is accepted in lieu of a loss of an inch in height. Follow three years with the 56th Division, and I am demobilised, coming through without a scratch.

"Then with a hope that the war has made me less sensitive, I resume my work; a fond delusion. During a reunion dinner someone greets me jocularly with a remark which makes it quite clear to me that, unknown to me, my slowness was the joke of the unit.

"A grant for two years' tuition at London University to study Architecture. By hard work and burning the midnight oil, whilst others having completed the work on which, by reason of my slowness I am compelled to do overtime, I just get the coveted Diploma.

"Then comes the search for work. Armed with my Associateship and four very creditable testimonials, my efforts seem to have little effect, and whilst others who have also gained their A.R.I.B.A. seem to find posts, yet I remain unposted.

"A friend gives me a job temporarily: it lasts a month, but during that time his friendship does not prevent him giving the broadest of hints that I ought to do my work more quickly.

"More seeking for work. An interview is granted, drawings submitted, and a reply is promised in a few days. No answer, and I seek another interview. I am told the vacancy has not been filled and ask him candidly why I was unsuccessful. The reason is I "have taken too long" over my drawings.

"One is told various maxims such as 'The hare and the tortoise,' 'The race is not always to the swift,' etc., and other selected passages, but in this very modern world they are Job's comforters.

"So, Humanist, what good counsel have you for me, what panacea for a bewildered, tormented, but still optimistic spirit or mind?

"Doubtless there are many other human tortoises with ragged hearts."

To every handicap there is a compensatory advantage. The excuse, and the only excuse for slowness, is sureness. To be slow and slovenly, to be slow and uncertain, means to be burdened with disadvantages impossible to overcome.

But even in this age of speed there is room for the slow and steady, just as there is no room for the quick and erratic, or the quick and the inaccurate. Our friend must concentrate upon ever securing the faithful performance of his task. Let him become known for his reliability, and his lack of speed will be excused. Perhaps one of our architect readers will give this young man an opportunity.

£3,000,000 Leighton

A VERY well-known bookmaker estimates that Leighton has cost the country £3,000,000! This seems at first glimpse an absurd estimate until you remember that in a big handicap it is not unusual for considerably over a million to change hands. There are in England alone (it is estimated) 5,000,000 people who consistently back horses *away* from the course.

Leighton has failed eleven times since his last victory, and it is interesting to note that a £1 accumulation on *all* his two year old victories, would have produced the magnificent sum of £3 2s. 6d.! The unhappy punter who doubled up his stakes on Leighton from his first appearance as a three-year-old, starting with a £1 stake, would now be £2,047 out of pocket.

* * *

His Horrible Biography.

THE truth about Leighton is that he is a second-class horse who has been written up as a smasher. *His two-year-old performances were extraordinarily moderate.* He never beat a good horse in his life. On his first appearance he certainly headed such as Highlander, Amnesty and Walton's Choice, but the premier two of these were running for the first time in their lives. What were the runners-up in his races? Tullabeg, Stornell, Pickering, Cyrobelle and Anadem. Pickering was fourth in an all age seller the other day, Cyrobelle and Tullabeg each ran eleven times (that fatal eleven!) last year without winning, and Stronell won one poor little race in six attempts. Anadem fluked a race as a two-year-old and hasn't won since! I am not so very sure that Leighton's Cambridgeshire performance was anything to write home about. Neither Milenko nor Franklin was running over his best distances. In last year's Derby alone Leighton must have cost the punter a million, so I do not think that our friend's estimate is exaggerated.

Our Clean Turf.

I KNOW of nothing quite so amusing as the shocked surprise of certain "turf authorities" at the bare suggestion that there can be anything crooked in racing. What they can say is that there is less crookedness on the English than on any other turf. Despite its "stipes," as they call the stipendiary stewards, the Australian has, in the past, given us some amazing characters for the "adornment" of our own turf, whilst Ireland produces a type of "sportsman" who has had the very worst effect upon English racing.

But when you've said that, you've said everything. Of course, there is "pulling" and "readying," and scores of horses run with an eye to "another day." It is inevitable that this should be, and it isn't the little owner and the little trainer who is guilty either. He is only the fellow who gets warned off.

SPORTS and

IN CONJUNCTION WITH "The SPORTING LIFE"

Talking of overseas trainers—who was the perfect little gentleman who trains for a certain rich man who smashed a reporter's camera and said he "Wasn't going to have any —— Englishman near his stable"?

Not Guilty.

BY the way, I do not agree with the conclusion reached by my friend "Robin Goodfellow," who says that to warn a jockey about his future riding is equivalent to the stewards saying "not guilty, but don't do it again." Bad riding isn't necessarily guilty riding. A man may get rattled and give a shocking exhibition of race riding, without having the least intention of being dishonest. Are not the stewards within their rights in calling him before them and cautioning him as to his future performances?

I SEE that the usual coterie of ante-post bookmakers have been offering the usual colossal odds about horses for the Stewards' Cup. By the time this appears the entries will be published and at least the rash young speculator will know that his fancy is intended for the race. He will know very soon the weight it will carry and how it stands in relation to other horses, but he will not be certain whether it runs or not until the numbers go up in the frame, because there is no acceptance for the race.

THERE is one fact about the Stewards' Cup that the reader should glue to his brain; namely, that it is a race that is usually won by a horse with a five or six furlong record, and not by a horse which has distinguished itself over a longer distance. Supposing that a brilliant miler like Monarch and a six furlong horse of a lower grade (say Tagrag) were entered in this race, I should go for Tagrag every time. The genuine six furlong horses engaged are Black Gown (bad at the gate), Pondoland, Arch Gift, Proconsul, Pharmacie (not too fond of racing, in my judgment), Canterbury (bad at the gate), Lady Juror and Lucky Prince. The latter is a very game and consistent horse and one who would be more likely to shine in less brilliant company.

The Eclipse Stakes.

At the moment of writing, I have no information as to whether St. Louis runs. He has 10 lb. the worst of the weights with Tamar, who is likely to start a good favourite. The Eclipse is now restored to its ancient glory as a Ten-Thousand-Pounder, by the way. It is, in fact, with the exception of this year's Derby, the most valuable race of the year. They expect, down Manton way, to win and win fairly easily but, despite their optimism, I am going for old

MONARCH

as a very safe each way investment. My opinion of this year's three-year-old horses is not an especially exalted one, and Monarch (who was by no means fit at Ascot, having been treated for a sore heel) should win.

Systems.

IT sounds platitudinous to say that systems of backing horses generally break down because they depend upon choosing the right horses. I have been examining a number of systems lately They include first favourite, jockeys' mounts, fourth last time out, and divers other fantastical methods for prying loose the gold which sticks so hard to the bookmakers' wallet. Certain swindlers who have recently been well and properly punished by the law, made their excuse that they were employing the hundreds of thousands of pounds which they secured from the gullible public in working a racing system.

At the time I thought that this was one of the excuses which people of that character put forward to justify their villainy, but I have since learnt that they were making a thick-headed attempt to work what I will call the X.Y. system—the invention of two astute South Africans. The swindlers promised a regular income every week of a stated sum.

The Snag.

THEREIN was their snag, even if they had understood the system, which they obviously did not, or if they had been able to work it, which was obviously impossible since the method is highly complicated and requires the service of a clever staff. They would not dream of guaranteeing a certain sum every week—they are not so clever that they can control the price at which horses win, even though for years they have paid a steady 250 per cent. on their capital.

System—Courage.

THE trouble with increased stakes systems is that a punter often hesitates to put on the money when the stake has reached its highest. Systems call for an immense amount of courage in the worker. At Ascot I met the man who was operating the system to which I referred earlier than the "X.Y." He told me that he thought Black Gown was a cast iron certainty, but was putting £200 each on three horses, none of which he thought had a dog's chance! He was, however, only an official of the syndicate and it wasn't his money. "Poor syndicate!" said I, and the cold-blooded devil went in to chuck away his £600. But one of the three he backed for £200 was Proconsul!

ONLY by this cold-blooded detachment from fancies and information is the working of a system possible. Few, very few people have the strength of mind or directness of purpose to make their own investments when large sums of money are involved. On a race course you hear too much and forget too much. You get things out of proportion, and the electric atmosphere of a race-course is not conductive to clear

THE WEEK'S

(The horses in brackets after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.)

Tamar will probably start favourite for the £10,000 Eclipse Stakes.

Nevertheless, I venture to suggest that **MONARCH** each way will be a paying investment.

NEWMARKET (WEDNESDAY).—T.Y.O. PLATE: **Jason** (Cheap Talk, Pince-Nez). SWAFFHAM WELTER: **Stavropol** (Varzy, Corporal). ZETLAND PLATE: **Poisoned Arrow** (Nightshift, Shikar). JULY H'CAP: **Polydipsia** (Night Patrol, Black Gown). SALES STAKES: **Discobolus** (Volexeter, By Mistake). FALMOUTH STAKES: **Pogrom** (Selene, Soubriquet). APPRENTICE PLATE: **Bruff Bridge** (Lomax, Wee Mon).

NEWMARKET (THURSDAY).—MIDSUMMER STAKES: **Blandford** (Sicyon, Scamp). REACH SELLING: **Helolajest** (Glastonbury, Sunshot f.). SUMMER

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An accident is hard on the body, but light on the pocket

SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

thinking. All that I want to know when I go racing is the names of the horses that are not trying. I wish I had known in advance about one at Sandown. It would have saved me money.

Tipsters.

I FEAR I cannot agree with my friend, J. M. D., on the matter of the course tipster. The only difference that exists between the poor devil who shouts himself hoarse on the course and the more opulent gentleman who dictates his tips to a lavender scented typist is, it seems to me, a matter of environment. If anything, the course tipster often knows a little more about the game than some of his rivals. At least he is on the spot and doesn't send non-runners.

I will not admit that tipping is a discreditable profession. A man who has information or who, by his knowledge of the game, is in a position to help the punter is entitled to payment—whether he receives payment from a newspaper, or by post from his "clients" or from the people who "gather round" the persuasive gentleman on the course.

That it is very hard luck for a trainer to have a horse that makes a fool of itself at the gate we all agree, but I confess to a sense of satisfation that the trainers have struck at the preferential treatment given to Linby. We should all like to have our queer-tempered horses led to the post and held. Senhora kept a field of horses waiting for a quarter of an hour at Lincoln on a bitterly cold day because of her delicate disposition. The consequence of "helping" Senhora was that the chances of horses like Monarch were jeopardized.

Horses to Watch.

White Bud is pretty certain to win a nice sprint and before very long. This is a particularly fast one and was well expected, in spite of his price, when beaten by Mullein a few weeks back.

Sorrel is coming back to his best form and he is engaged this week-end. Whether he wins or not, he should never be left unbacked in races where the class is not too high.

Desire has by no means finished winning. This horse as a three-year-old was not over-raced. He should have beaten Devizes when they dead-heated.

Dempsey's Sad Job.

THEY told me when I was in America that Dempsey was quite willing to fight the negro Wills, but that the Board of Control did not approve of a black and white contest. Apparently the boot is on the other leg, for it was Demp. who was squeamish and I do not blame him. Wills, in my judgment, is a greater fighter than Johnson—and Dempsey, whose title to world championship is very insecurely based, would not live with the coon for six rounds. Wills will be an altogether different proposition to the under-weight Carpentier, or to that mountain of untrained flesh, Willard. The nigger is the better athlete of the two and is the finest two handed fighter I have ever seen. His punch is devastating and he is as nippy as a rat. I don't suppose that Dempsey is feeling any too gay at the prospect of meeting the man, but he can't always be a lollipop champion and take on the easy jobs.

A Boxing University.

I SUPPOSE that sooner or later we shall evolve a champion of our own. Americans are always telling one why they abound in champs, but the explanation is that we are content to let our boxers make themselves and train themselves in the haphazard way that their circumstances allow. A national gymnasium is as necessary as a National Gallery, and there should be competitive boxing "scholarships" which would allow likely lads to undergo three years uninterrupted training. If twenty thousand a year were systematically spent upon organised and centralised training of young boxers it would be good for the sport and very good for the country.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Never make excuses for beaten horses that are obviously trying. In nine cases out of ten, if a horse doesn't win it is because he isn't good enough.

* * *

Good performers in second-class handicaps are more profitable to follow than good performers in first-class handicaps. There are more of the former, and it is easier to place a horse to win.

* * *

The betting forecasts in the evening newspapers are compiled in the offices of those newspapers, and although inaccurate, they serve their purpose, which is to give an intelligent anticipation of the horses that will be best supported in the Ring.

* * *

Control will never win a race until he has been added to the list. Why this rascal should be kept entire is a mystery. Who on earth would breed from him? I would sooner send a mare to a third-rate selling plater.

SELECTIONS.

H'CAP: **Juniso** (Double Hackle, Copyright). BURY H'CAP: **Alienor*** (John Green, Buzz On).

SANDOWN (FRIDAY).—MILBURN (S.): **Martinique** (Featherstone, Lady Shimmer). DITTON PLATE: **Miss China Keen*** (Scola, Cheaptalk). ECLIPSE STAKES: **Monarch**** (each way). GT. KINGSTON PLATE: **Voleuse** (Miss Marget, Clarendon). VICTORIA WELTER: **Snell** (Bricklow, Double Up).

SANDOWN (SATURDAY).—SURREY (S.) PLATE: **Black Heart** (Pick'ny, Martinique). ALL AGE SELLING: **Pinemarten*** (Banksian, Dictynna). ROYAL H'CAP: **Beauregard** (Count Palatine, Fancy Man). NATIONAL BREEDERS STAKES: **Town Guard** (Bell's Life, Mots d'Or). WARREN PLATE: **Adorna** (Servitude, Kerasos). COOMBE PLATE: **Dragoon** (Pictura, Le Cellier).

AYR (SATURDAY).—TRIAL SELLING: **Lucentio.** JULY STAKES: **Welsh Woman.** KYLE PLATE: **Finnarts Bay.** CARRICK WELTER: **White Bud.**

"Rowley Mile" will send you a Free Winner on Tuesday.

Tuesdays are days which I cannot cover in JOHN BULL owing to the early date we go to press. Tuesday is the beginning of the racing week and it is advisable to start well. And on Tuesday next I have been promised **a good winner** at Leicester, which I want my readers to be on. You can have this last-minute message FREE by cutting out this coupon and **enclosing a stamped addressed postcard.** Post **at once** to "Rowley Mile," JOHN BULL, 94, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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Sportingalities

by EDGAR WALLACE

In this feature Mr. Wallace will deal not only with the great ones of the sporting world, but with others almost as well known to the sporting public, however unfamiliar they may be to the outside world.

LORD DERBY.

I DON'T know how many years ago it was when Lord Stanley (as he was then) stood up in the House of Commons and hinted darkly at the fate which would be mine if it were proved that the stories I was writing about the Boers' treatment of our wounded should prove to be false.

Nothing did happen to me, for my stories were accurate, and I lived to understand the young under-secretary, and, understanding him, to admire him more than I have ever admired any man that occupied a Ministry of the Crown.

Here is an Englishman who might stand as a sealed pattern of and for all Englishmen. His honesty is stupendous, his habit of truth an outrage of all the canons of political practice. There never was a straighter, cleaner and (in his younger days) more impetuous, and because of these very qualities more indiscreet, man.

But the habit of saying what he thought was his greatest asset, annoying as it was to those who writhed under the acid of his honesty.

No one man in England did more individually to win the war than he. He raised whole divisions in his recruiting campaign, and served us in France at a very critical period of the war.

What he did for us and the world when, as Ambassador to France, he moved (waded would be a better word) through the pestiferous atmosphere of political intrigue, we shall never know. We shall, I feel sure, live to see a Derby Administration, for at this moment he is the strongest man in the Conservative Party.

Apart from the King, Lord Derby is the dominant figure in the sport of horse-racing. He has been a loyal and consistent supporter of the turf, and I hope and believe that his reward is coming. Pharos, in my judgment, is the best two-year old we have seen this year. If he has a better, or if Pharos stays . . . . May we all be at Epsom next year to cheer him when he leads in the Derby winner.

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What is going to run,
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Horses that are non-runners
Horses—OUT TO WIN.

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MUTUAL TERMS.

So many readers of "The Jockey" have repeatedly urged us to start a

PRIVATE OCCASIONAL LETTER SERVICE,

quite distinct and apart from our ordinary overnight letters and special wire services that we have formulated the following plan, which we consider well worth study, especially by the large number of clients who CAN ONLY DEAL WITH PRIVATE LETTER ADVICE, preferably that advice coming to hand occasionally.

Before making our plans to deal with the enormous number of clients who are sure to take advantage of this Special Service we entered into an arrangement with one of the BEST INFORMED PROFESSIONAL BACKERS in London, one who obtains information days in advance of the actual placing of the S.P. Commissions with Club Commission Agents.

The party mentioned, by the nature of his occupation, obtains much information of a FIRST-CLASS character, but the information we shall obtain for our clients on THIS SERVICE will be MORE THAN FIRST-CLASS—it will be of the class

UNBEATABLE BAR ACCIDENTS.

You will no doubt have noticed the large advertisement that appeared in "The Sportsman," "Sporting Life," and "Sporting Chronicle," and many other papers, a few days ago, mentioning that "The Jockey" wires gave

FIVE WINNERS OUT OF FIVE RUNNERS!!!

We are prepared to place good sportsmen on a register we will keep called

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on the following terms:—

Each client on joining the Circle pays a subscription of

TWO SHILLINGS ONLY.

This subscription of 2s. will cover a month's service.

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TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

ONE of the special concerns of the British Legion is the employment of the disabled, the men who came back from the war crippled and broken, and unable to resume their normal occupation. They endured the perils of the nerve-racking ordeal of battle, and to-day thousands of them do not possess the opportunity to earn their own livelihood.

THESE scarred heroes have suffered bitter illusionment. They were promised they would be adequately trained and placed in employment. But while it would not be accurate to say that the whole scheme of training has broken down, yet the system is not at present, and for some time has not been, working efficiently. The training of these men to fit them to take their place again in industrial life is a national obligation, and it should be the duty of the Government to see that the greatest possible facilities are extended to them.

THE highest form of voluntary appeal, the King's National Roll, has been tried for nearly three years, but recent results show that it is not now meeting with the response it deserves. Week by week there are fewer enrolments, and week by week there is a steady diminution in the number of firms prepared to renew the undertaking already given by them.

THESE facts are all the more distressing as in the appeal from the King there was the underlying motive that the men should be kept in the employment of those who enrolled them. Several Continental countries —countries which were supposed to be impoverished by the war— have set up legislation to ensure the employment of war-heroes. There does not appear to be great difficulty in the application of such a scheme here.

From the Royal Family :—The Legion draws its members from all ranks. Some time ago, when he was visiting Hackney, H.R.H. the Duke of York was enrolled a member; while one of the latest recruits is H.R.H. Prince Henry, who has very kindly consented to act as Patron of the Branch at King's Lynn. Both are greatly appreciative of the splendid work done by the Legion—and their membership, coupled with the support of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is the Patron of the Legion itself, is a source of immense encouragement to all who are working on behalf of the ex-Service community.

Special Diet Allowances : — A strong attitude has been taken up by the Legion in opposition to the regulation that in certain circumstances the Special Diet Allowances should be reduced. It does seem ungrateful that the Ministry should attempt to economise, even in a small way, to the detriment of many whose health has been gravely undermined by their war experiences.

Renewed Comfort and Hope :— Since November, 1921, a Lancashire ex-soldier has been workless. His long unemployment had drained his resources, and to save his wife and five children from starvation he had to sell his furniture. He was at the end of his tether when his desperate plight was brought to the notice of the Unity Relief Fund. He was helped by us, and to-day he has greater hope and comfort than he has known for twenty months. To him and his family, he says, the Fund was a godsend.

Health Restored : — Lancashire provides another case that is typical of the many helped. An old soldier had only 10s. a week to live on, and he was compelled to give up work for a time because of his indifferent health following upon his dreadful war experiences. Our local Committee helped, and arranged for him to have a prolonged rest in a Holiday Home. He has come back a new man, and is now able to work again in the cotton mills. To show his gratitude, he has made a generous contribution to the Legion's benevolent funds.

On the Point of Ejection:— Many cases of severe hardship have really to be dragged to light. A Monmouthshire man was hiding the poverty-stricken condition of his wife and family in the cold shelter of "furnished" apartments. The parents were practically starving themselves so that the kiddies should not suffer and to provide the rent regularly. The struggle was, however, getting too much for them, and the family were on the point of being ejected when our Committee in the district took up the case. Funds were found for the rent owing; we gave the man and his family nourishing food, and found him a job.

The Bailiffs Were In :—Many homes were ruined during the war; many have been broken up since. A Warwickshire man had served with distinction in Egypt and France, but when he returned he could not obtain work. To add to his troubles, he was ill for a long time. Things went from bad to worse. The bailiffs were in the house, but the Legion through its local branch negotiated with the creditors and saved the home.

Bought a Rabbit Run :—Almost every conceivable type of small business has been started by the Relief Fund. The latest to be helped by a loan is the owner of a rabbit run in Norfolk. The enterprising ex-Service proprietor has had much experience in this type of work, and with the assistance given him has now the exclusive right to kill and market the rabbits on the run. First results show that the enterprise is doing well, and that there is ever prospect of the development of a flourishing concern. Before small loans are given careful investigation as to the possibilities of the businesses are always made.

Antedated Two Years :—A South London ex-Service man died, and for two years his widow was tackling the Ministry of Pensions, who refused to acknowledge that his end was in any way hastened by war service. Having failed in her own efforts, the poor woman placed the facts before us. We made strong representations to the Ministry, and without going to the Tribunal at all we got them to reverse their earlier decision. The widow is now getting 26s. 8d. a week, and the grant has been antedated to the time when her husband died.

Pension for a Colonial:—A young man now living in South Devon came over with the first contingent of South African troops. When in France he was severely wounded, but until recently was not getting any pension. We heard of the case from his mother, through the British Empire Service League, and promptly got into touch with the proper authorities. The Legion was successful in getting the young Colonial £2 a week, and in addition we arranged for him to be paid at the alternative rate—so that he is now in receipt of £4 1s. 2d. a week. We are glad to be able to say that we are frequently of great service to young men who enlisted in British Possessions Overseas and are now resident in this country.

The Taxi on the Rank :—Unable to follow his pre-war occupation, a young man in Hampshire was trained as a taxi-driver. When, however, he wanted to stand on the rank outside the station in his own town, the railway company and the local Urban District Council, who control the rights, were extremely sympathetic—but that was all. For months the young fellow could not conduct his business as he would have liked. When the Legion heard of his troubles and took up the case, it persuaded the Council to grant him the necessary permission. He is now doing very well, as his disability does not handicap him in any way for this work.

T.N.T. Poisoning: — While engaged on munition work, a young woman contracted T.N.T. poisoning and was granted 5s. 7d. a week under the War Risks Compensation Act. She has just been before a Medical Re-survey Board, and the doctors acknowledge that her condition is just the same. On the other hand, a specialist whom she consulted declares emphatically that it is impossible for her to get any better. The War Office has offered her £25 down in full settlement of her claim. Acting on the advice of the Legion, she has refused this totally inadequate sum. We are continuing to negotiate with the authorities, and expect to get an increase on the present very small weekly rate.

A Sufferer in Silence :—A member of one of our local Relief Committees for many months adjudicated upon cases. He was always well dressed and looked prosperous and contented, but a few days ago he collapsed in the street. During the last eighteen months he had had only three weeks work, and at the time of his breakdown he was almost destitute. Yet he did not breathe a word of his own troubles to any of his colleagues. He was too self-conscious to make much of his own worries, though his case was one that deserved special consideration. To-day the Legion is looking after him and his family, and perhaps the care and treatment he is receiving will restore his health.

Our Daily Thank You :—Letters of gratitude frequently come from individuals, Committees and various organisations expressing their thanks. An example is this, from Great Yarmouth :—"On behalf of my Committee, I beg to thank you for your kindness in providing a representative in appeal cases put forward by them. The Committee are grateful for your able assistance in these cases."

Concerning the Free-Lance

By E. A.

In the course of a recent article, I commented very favourably upon the excellent work done by Mr. Max Pemberton's London School of Journalism.

The article apparently attracted a good deal of notice, and resulted in so many inquiries from readers, that I think I cannot do better than deal with them in another article, as many of them contain points of general interest to readers of *John Bull*.

I must confess that I feel glad to observe that so many aspirants for journalistic honours have the intention of free-lancing, in the first instance at all events. I am glad for two reasons: First, because no young man should commit himself wholly to journalism as his sole career unless he has very strong convictions indeed that he is "a born journalist," or has a private income to enable him to "tide over" unsuccessful times.

Second: I am glad because the "free-lance" is under no temptation to subordinate quality to quantity. He is free to pursue an artistic ideal. He is not compelled to produce; he produces only when he is in the right mood; and that means a great deal to the quality of his work.

In this opinion I am glad to find myself confirmed by no less an authority than Mr. Pemberton himself. "Unless I see that an applicant has a real *flair* for journalism," he says, "I recommend him to 'free-lance' at first. It is far better, because it gives him a chance to flesh his sword before he engages in the contest for fame and rewards.

"If he succeeds as a free-lance, he can then abandon other pursuits and devote himself entirely to the profession with confidence."

Some of our greatest journalists have begun their careers in this fashion. George R. Sims, for example, *doyen* of the profession, had no greater ambition at first than to earn odd guineas by writing in his leisure hours. I have a fancy that H. G. Wells, W. W. Jacobs and Rudyard Kipling all began in the same way—"free-lancing" in their spare time. Their success as free-lances made their subsequent success as out-and-out journalists a foregone conclusion.

I know of no more entrancing spare-time hobby than that of occasional journalism or story-writing. It never palls, because it is—first and foremost—a hobby. You can indulge yourself in it when you are in the mood; you can leave it alone when you are disinclined.

The free-lance does not work like a machine; he is not controlled by the inexorable will-power of an editor. There is, in free-lance work, a mental freedom that is not to be attained in any other profession.

The unattached contributor who is able to give editors what they want may organise his time just as it pleases him best.

I know a young man who is writing three short articles each week. Two of these articles are for good provincial newspapers—the other for London. Sometimes my friend writes these three short articles before breakfast. Sometimes he writes them in the afternoon—or, occasionally, late at night. However, the point is that it seldom takes more than three-quarters of an hour to write the lot. This young man is earning nearly four hundred pounds a year.

Literary work has never been more than a side-issue with me, but I have frequently made as much in that way as would represent quite a decent income of itself. Indeed, there have been years when my "spare-time hobby" has brought me in twice as much as my regular vocation (which is prosaically commercial).

There are so many unexplored regions in our normal everyday life; so many facets of human existence that remain unilluminated; so many interesting little odds and ends that are waiting to be exploited by the quick brains of skilful free-lance journalists.

Consider the insistent demand that exists to-day for bright little articles that deal with generally interesting topics; thousands of such articles are published each week in London alone, while in the Provinces the demand is no less great.

Very few beginners seem to realise the immensity and complexity of our modern Press, and I have astonished a great number of young writers by pointing out how real are their chances, both in London and the Provinces, and how widely open the door of opportunity is to ability.

The Free-Lance Course which the London School of Journalism offers (under Mr. Max Pemberton's personal direction) represents, to my mind, the ideal training for the unattached journalist.

I formed this opinion of it before I was aware that the Lessons comprising the Course were the work of some of our leading writers, such as Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, Miss Frances Billington and others of equal reputation.

With such as these for instructors it is no wonder that writers trained by the London School of Journalism are scoring successes all along the line: their work welcomed by the foremost newspapers and journals of the day. I fancy (from my own experience) that these fortunate young writers would have had to wait much longer for their success had they not enjoyed the benefit of Max Pemberton's guidance and advice.

The editorial world is well alive to the excellence of the work done by L.S.J. students. One great daily newspaper recently used more than 30 articles by them in the course of a single month.

So many of my correspondents ask the question, "Can I write saleable articles without instruction?" that I emphasise the point. There is not one man in a thousand clever enough to produce right away the stuff for which editors will pay. Why should it be supposed that such a highly developed art as that of writing for the Press can be practised by the novice without instruction? The delusion is hard to kill, and it has cost some promising writers many years of failure and disappointment. Even the diamond needs shaping and polishing before its intrinsic beauties are made apparent.

For that reason, and because every journalist I have known agrees with me, I say emphatically, if you wish to be a journalist—if you wish to discipline your abilities and gifts to a practical end—if you wish to avoid disheartening failure and disappointment—*train* for your profession.

Learn the technique of your profession. For technique there is and must be, despite the glamour and romance which surrounds it. The idea that a journalist, or an actor, or an artist is born "ready made" must be cast out of your mind before you are likely to taste the sweets of success in the realms of printers' ink.

As to what has to be studied and acquired in order to ensure a good beginning even as a free-lance, that is a question involving much that is better dealt with in the excellent prospectus issued by the London School of Journalism. Let any aspiring reader of *John Bull* get this publication (by writing to Mr. Max Pemberton), and he will speedily be in possession of the desired information upon this and a variety of other points.

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Personally conducted by Mr. MAX PEMBERTON.

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BOVRIL SHARE ISSUE

PUBLIC APPRECIATION AND CONFIDENCE.

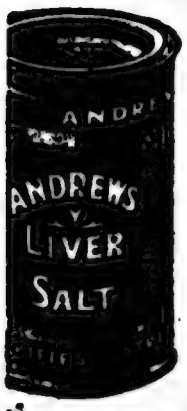
Presiding at the eighteenth annual general meeting of Estates Control, Limited, Sir George Lawson Johnston (Chairman) referred to the marked success of the recent issue by the company of Bovril Ordinary Shares, and said that last week they offered to the public 190,000 7½ per cent. Ordinary Shares of £1 each in Bovril, Limited, at 2s. premium. This was the full market price for the shares at the time they offered them, but they were inclined to believe that Bovril stood so high in public estimation, owing to the unique reputation and standing of its product and national appreciation of its anti-profiteering record, that the public would be likely to think even more highly of the shares than the market did. They had a single-column advertisement in a number of papers, and it had been a feature of the applications that nearly two-thirds of them came in on newspaper forms. They had to close the lists promptly, owing to over-subscription, and were now preparing the lists for acceptance and regret. Their intention was to reduce large applications by at least 90 per cent. on any excess over 1,000 shares, and to eliminate all applications under 25 shares. This would enable them to be more liberal with the applicants between 25 and 1,000 shares. They would probably appreciate that the reason for not accepting the smaller applications was that the postage and cheque stamps cost 7d. a year on two dividends.

Bovril circles might, he thought, be excused for feeling some gratification at the result, and at the fact that the lists of this issue of 7½ per cent. Ordinary Shares at a premium were closed a day earlier than an issue made at the same time with a British Government guarantee attached to it.

CHANNEL TUNNEL CO.

Presiding at the meeting of the Channel Tunnel Co., Ltd., Baron Emil B. d'Erlanger said that the new machine for boring the tunnel was only ready for trial a few weeks ago, and their engineer, Mr. Tempest, was not in a position to report fully upon it.

Some time ago, he must admit that though he never gave up hope and always plodded away patiently at this great scheme—he did feel somewhat despondent, but his hopes and those of his colleagues had been considerably buoyed up within the last few months. A few days ago the Channel Tunnel Committee of the House of Commons had decided to take immediate action, a petition being set afoot which had already gained a great many signatures.



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(23B)

Keep Andrews' handy, always. It quickly corrects the minor Ills of Life in Father, Mother *and* the Children. A Tin *ought* to be in your Bathroom.

4 OZ. (NET) USUAL SIZE 10d.

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Andrews' has a pleasant taste and merry sparkle. It refreshes, cheers and brightens by the simple operation of giving Nature help in *the elimination* of those elements which, if retained in the System, impair the general tone and vigour.

Get the genuine Andrews' in the familiar Green Tin. Sold by Chemists, Grocers and Stores everywhere.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

The Next Boom.

The pundits declare that another boom is due. Some say in Home Rails, some Rubbers, some Kaffirs, and some Oils. I don't expect a boom in anything. After the frenzy of 1919 and 1920, such a thing strikes me as most unlikely. A new generation must arise before a new boom comes. To-day is the day of the investor who tempers his speculative tendencies with prudence. In all the markets I have mentioned there are shares worth picking up for gradual appreciation, but haphazard purchasing can bring nothing but loss.

Bucket Shops Quiescent.

I am pleased to find my letter box less crowded this week by enquiries concerning touting circulars from bucket shops and option dealers. These gentry have recently been badly hit, and are appealing to winning clients for "latitude." Their staffs are "working night and day to catch up with arrears of work." They find time to write these excuses, but not to draw the cheques due. I have reams of evidence to this effect. In every case where the amount is worth while, my readers should instruct a solicitor to take action without delay.

Those German Marks.

In spite of my warning several weeks ago, some of my readers are still holding German marks. One tells me that he has £200 thus invested, and expects them to reach par within six years. Sheer rubbish! The Germans will naturally go on printing paper so long as they can get good British currency for it. The trouble will come when you try to re-translate the German paper into good British currency.

Exchange Gambling.

People who gamble on European exchange rates now are like Mark Twain in his ascent of the Rigi—walking through a fog with their left elbows over a precipice. A sanguine correspondent asks me how he should return his 10,000 Polish marks to Poland for encashment. He doesn't mention what he paid for them, but, seeing that the present value of the whole 10,000 is only about ten shillings, what am I to say? Another enquires how to realise a thousand Russian roubles, because he needs the money. What is the journalese for a shrug of the shoulders?

Union Oil Company of South Africa.

Mr. W. W. Macalister, the Chairman, informs me that the annual meeting was not convened because the company is without funds and because Mr. B. S. Levy, one of the directors, who left for South Africa in December, 1920, "has failed to reply to my letter and cables asking him what the position of the company's options was." He "fears, however, that they have been lost to the company." I thank Mr. Macalister for enabling me to reply to a number of enquirers. But what is the next step?

Preference Shares Worth Having.

Cumulative preference shares in sound Industrials are now steadily coming into favour. Here are a few worth following from the Iron, Coal and Steel section:—

SHARE.	Div. %	Price. s.	d.	Yield. £	s.	d.
Bengal Iron	7½	22	3	6	14	10
Cammell Laird & Co.	5	16	0	6	5	0
Richardsons Westgarth	6	17	0	7	1	2

These are all sound and likely to go higher.

Prosperous Provisions.

An excellent example of conservative, and at the same time enterprising, management is provided by the well-known provision house of Lovell & Christmas, Ltd., whose profits for the past year amount to £165,300 as against £107,000 for the previous year. The Ordinary dividend is maintained at 10 per cent., but this time there is a bonus of 4 per cent. added. These Ordinary shares at about 26s. 6d. look cheap, and the 6 per cent. Preference at about 19s. 9d. are not dear.

Oil Fields of England.

The Co-operative Stock Exchange Operators' Association, Ltd., of 80, Coleman Street, E.C., wants to find clients to buy shares in Oil Fields of England, Ltd. My readers will stand aloof. Apart from the efforts of the Co-operative, etc., Association, I see no reason why these shares should advance. In the last balance sheet there was a debit to expenditure of £22,048, while preliminary expenses appeared as an asset for £19,562!

Pig Upon Pork.

In the issue of June 17, I printed a warning about the activities of Alan Macey, of Carlton House, W. 1, who was then attempting to lure subscribers into his Oil Promotions Syndicate, Ltd. by the promise of 100 per cent. profit. Now he is on the warpath for subscribers to the New Galician Standard Oil Company. The promoters, however, are to get 100 per cent. profit, which profit must come out of the subscriptions. Leave it alone.

Two Tips.

Buchanan Dewar 7½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, now quoted at about 23s., show a yield of £6 10s. 6d. per cent. A dividend of 25 per cent. free of tax was paid on the Ordinary for last year. A slightly more speculative security is Borax Consolidated Deferred, which at 33s. show a yield of £7 11s. 6d. on the basis of last year's distribution of 12½ per cent. But these shares usually receive 15 per cent., and I think they soon will again.

Tea Stores.

The International Tea Co. has had a good year, its profits rising from £275,500 to £329,600. That is a fine achievement in such a period as we have had. The Ordinary dividend is increased from 12 to 16 per cent, and there is a larger sum carried forward. The £5 6 per cent. Preference and the £1 7 per cent. "A" Preference seem worthy of attention at a fraction over par in each case.

The Channel Tunnel.

The time seems to be drawing near when the tunnelling of the English Channel may at last be undertaken. It is said that the military strategists prevented the construction of the tunnel in 1881. How much shorter the late war might have been—however! The Channel Tunnel Co. perseveres, and at its annual meeting the other day it was shown that hope still springs in the directorial breast.

A Cloudburst.

We have heard few complaints of late about the lack of rain. The chronic grumblers seem satisfied. By the way, if the worst comes to the worst, it is well to remember that JOHN BULL insures you against floods and tempest.

WHEN IT RAINS!

EVERYONE knows the disappointment, the feeling of unutterable disaster, that falls upon a holiday maker when it rains.

The projected pic-nic, the fishing expedition, the exploration of coves and caves, have all to be abandoned, and you sit in dismal misery by your window watching the play of rain-drops in the puddles and musing gloomily on the vanity of weather prophets.

Yet sweet are the uses of adversity.

Turn your thoughts from the deserted beach and dripping bandstand to "Bullets."

Your dejection will quickly vanish in the pursuit of this fascinating pastime, and by evolving a few simple words that combine wit and wisdom you may gain a prize that will compensate you for all your holiday disappointments.

We are again offering a First Prize of £1,000 for the best "Bullet."

That should cheer you up!

OUTRAGEOUS!

Stretching the Law to Extremes

FRED HOUGH, a lad of 21, of 25, Duke Street, Macclesfield, is to-day serving one of the most savage sentences ever imposed on a youth for a venial offence.

Unemployed, and in receipt of the dole, he had obtained work at a local cotton mill, and was in expectation of starting in his new job last Thursday.

A good lad, he had given all he could pick up to his mother—a woman in very poor circumstances, and without any thought of contravening the law with respect to unemployment, he had frequented the coal yard of Messrs. Potts and Co., on the look out for work; and on two successive days had obtained a casual coal-carrying job earning him the trivial sum of 7s. 6d. Unfortunately for him, the police heard of this crime against the "dole" Act and hauled him before the local Magistrates who took an extraordinarily severe view of the case; and despite the youth of the accused, and the help he was to his mother, sentenced him to two months' imprisonment.

This was his first offence—and he committed in ignorance, and out of regard for his mother. To send this lad to gaol was, in our opinion, a greater crime than that he was convicted of, and we ask for a remission of the barbarous sentence.

Tragedy of the Insane Soldier

by Our Special Commissioner

SCATTERED over the country, almost wherever there is a county asylum, there are little groups of unfortunates who lost their reason as the result of war service, but who are treated in almost every way as if they were pauper lunatics, although the Government pays twenty-two shillings a week for their maintenance.

The shocking part of this method of treating insane soldiers, or other ex-service men, is that they are there compelled to associate with idiots and lunatics whose minds have given way under the stress of bad habits.

For many years it has been known from sad experience that continual association with lunatics of the type that forms the bulk of the patients in a county asylum will sometimes unhinge the minds of sane people, hence the official insistance on doctors and attendants taking frequent out-door exercise and recreation.

I have obtained a piece of direct evidence on this point from Mr. Rogers, Secretary of the Bristol Ratepayers' Association, whose son is one of the 36 ex-Service patients at the Bristol City and County Asylum at Fishponds. Mr. Rogers told me with much emphasis that at every visit he makes to his son he notices an alteration for the worse, and, with considerable emotion, he went on to say that he has come to the conclusion that there is no hope of his poor boy's recovery so long as he remains exposed to the present conditions.

The only consolation that it is possible to give to the parents, wives, and other relatives of these doubly unfortunate men is to make them feel confident that their loved ones are being made as happy and comfortable as persons in their condition can be made. No relative can have that consolation, nor any part of it, in present circumstances.

When I went out to Fishponds Asylum the other day to see the Medical Superintendent in charge, I wrote on the back of my card: "I want to publish the *truth* about the ex-Service patients here."

The first words that the doctor spoke to me were a polite, but very firm, refusal to discuss the matter.

"But why?" I asked. "Such a statement might go far in allaying public anxiety."

"I can tell you nothing whatever," he said, and started to shepherd me to the door.

"Surely you will authorise me to say that you consider the treatment of the men to be good, and all that can fairly be expected," I remonstrated.

"The only thing I authorise you to say is that I refuse to say anything at all," he replied.

"My feeling at this moment," I rejoined, "is that you won't talk because you have the utterly wrong idea that your official position precludes your saying anything for publication. Alternatively, I could only believe that you cannot say anything in favour of the system and are too loyal to say anything against it."

I took other steps to find out what I wanted to know.

The men are more miserable and wretched—according to this information, which is not uncorroborated—than I had imagined to be the case, and in their saner moments they bitterly complain of their treatment.

One common complaint among them is that they are not fed half as well as they were when they were rationed as soldiers. This is so, without a doubt. There is no secret about the food, these poor fellows receive at Fishponds. No soldier nowadays is compelled to put up with a breakfast and tea which consists solely of "bread and scrape"; but that is all the ex-Service patients at Fishponds receive—and the "scrape" is margarine generally, sometimes jam.

It is a burning shame that these men should be so treated.

"Black Cat"

PURE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D. with FREE COUPONS exchangeable for Useful Gifts 20 for 1/-

"Are You collecting my Gifts?"

"If so, you already *know* that I give smokers supreme quality-value in my cigarettes themselves, and that the Gifts I offer are *real* gifts, representing a genuine profit-sharing scheme—*not* paid for by the consumer, but bona-fide presents from ME to YOU. With the help of swift patent machines I have succeeded in slightly reducing the making cost; insufficiently to reduce the selling price per packet, however, and so handed back to my loyal public in this unique form.

"But if you have not yet joined the contented throng of regular 'Black Cat' smokers, whose ranks are daily swelled by numerous new enthusiasts, then give my celebrated brand a full trial forthwith, buying your first packet *to-day*, as a result of which I shall have made still another faithful friend. To assist you to quickly obtain any Gift of your own choice I will forward

FIVE COUPONS FREE ON APPLICATION

together with my Illustrated Book of Gifts, showing scores of acceptable articles for which you can qualify, once you have formed the thrifty 'Black Cat' habit."

Apply to

The BLACK CAT

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"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Silent Suffering." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

M. B. (Edinboro').—"What does a man have to pay for a baronetcy?" How much have you got?

DUAL PERSONALITY (Queensborough).—"Every man is two men." Except on pay-day.

LIT ARTIS (Dunelm).—"Does 'Mary' occur in Chinese?" No, sir; we should have said every Christian language.

OLD 'UN (Yarmouth).—"Marriage is a lottery for half the people who marry." And a raffle for the other half.

OUR SALLY (Cricklewood).—"What is the lowest form of animal life?" The *foraminifera* and the anonymous letter writer.

S. I. (Epsom).—"Where is that sacred thing you call English justice?" It is in permanent residence in JOHN BULL office.

GOLDSTICK (Merthyr).—"I am interested in all problems of complex mentality." Shortt should occupy your full time.

WILD FLOWER (Felixstowe).—"I have finished with men. They are rotten to the core." And some of 'em haven't even a core.

CURIOUS ONE (Oldham).—"Is it a bar to married bliss if a man is 22 and his wife ten years older?" We know quite a lot of blissful thirty-two-ers.

J. D. (Bradford).—"I have read your paper for twenty-five years." Congratulations! Our first issue was published on June 9th, 1906. This must be your second time on earth!

G. J. (Ireland).—"Sunday games are not in accordance with Scripture; read Isaiah lviii. 13-14." The verses refer to the Jewish Sabbath, which is Saturday. Do you keep it?

ANXIOUS (Limehouse).—We do not advise you to spend your money on drink cures until you have absolute proof that they *are* cures. Certainly the money asked seems excessive.

R.P. (St. Helens).—In the Cup Final Competition, twelve competitors sent a correct forecast of the result and attendance and divided the prize of £1,000. Their names and addresses were published in our issue of May 13th.

HODGE (Lewisham). "The Ministry of Health tell you to attach gummed slip to the face of the envelope; the slip tells you to fasten it on the back. What is right?" Our Gum Editor is on his holidays.

CHERRY BOB (Ongar).—"Who is July named after?" Julius Cæsar, who reformed the calendar.

DICK (Shrewsbury).—"Why does a specialist charge more than an ordinary doctor?" Because he's a specialist.

COALY (Manchester).—"I want you to settle a bet." After Ascot, we have found some difficulty in settling our own.

DON (Farnborough).—"The backbone of the British Army is the lance-corporal." We have always regarded him as the funny-bone.

YUPA (Gravesend).—"I should like to say a few words in favour of Communism." Say them, but don't write them if you expect us to print them.

CREW (S.S. ——).—"The mate of this ship is not a gentleman." No mate is a hero to a deck hand. You have your remedy in the Courts.

RODDY (Dublin).—"England shall yet bite the dust in Ireland." We have eaten so much dirt in Ireland that a little clean dust would be welcomed.

MOTHER (Tenby).—"Can you give any idea when this terrible unemployment will cease?" When we regain the markets we have lost—largely through the coal strike.

X. (Belgrave Square).—"Is any fund being started for the heroic policemen who captured Sir Henry Wilson's assailants?" We have heard of none, but no doubt their services will have official recognition.

ONE OF THE CROWD (Blackpool).—"After all, the Income Tax does not affect the poor." You are insanely wrong. Anything which restricts the employment of capital affects adversely the working classes.

A. E. W. (Dawlish).—"The insurance proved a godsend after the fire we had." Exactly. And yet we still read in the papers that melancholy phrase: "Total loss by fire—UNINSURED." Why *don't* more people sign the JOHN BULL Insurance Coupon?

DIAVOLO (Newton Abbot).—"I am not so sure that these concert parties in prisons do any good." Sorry you did not enjoy them.

JO (Banstead).—"Re riding abreast on bicycles—Haven't the cyclists any rights?" Yes, Jo. But motorists are not the only road hogs.

JUNE (Penzance).—"Can you explain in a few words the nebular theory?" No, we can't. The fewest words would be about ten thousand.

OPERA (Wigan).—"Personally I never go to see an English film because, as a rule, it is a rotten production." We should like to deny this, but honesty forbids.

TWICE BITTEN (Southsea).—"In future I follow Mr. Pickwick's advice 'Beware of Widders!'" It was the elder Weller who uttered those historic words.

CUTHBERT (Brighton).—"Many of us regard the Pavilion as an historic building, and resent it being turned into a motor garage." Go to, Cuthbert! It was an eyesore.

DESPERATE (Wolverhampton).—"Parents have no control over modern children. They are much too smart." Perhaps if they smarted a little more you would regain your authority.

ON GUARD (Chatham).—"One of these days poor old England will win a championship." We are still supreme in ping-pong and shove-ha'penny, though we lag behind in the race for the marble championship.

FRIEND OF THE BLACKS (Battersea).—"The colour bar in England is shocking." We don't agree with you. People are much too lax about coloured folk. White women who go about with coons deserve trouble.

CURIOUS (Guildford).—"Is it true that we are selling English goods in Germany? It is disgraceful if so." When you call yourself "curious" you are probably referring to your weird mind. We aren't selling as much as we should like.

HELP FOR THE DESPAIRING

HUMANIST writes: "Do not write to me if you want money. Do not write to me about unemployment. Obviously I cannot send money to, or find employment for, all those who require it. Where the trouble is real, I answer by letter. The kind of letter which begins 'Dear Sir, I am unemployed: could you use your influence to get me a "Bullets" prize?' goes straight away into the wastepaper basket. I know nothing more about 'Bullets' than that they are judged on their merits. Another point I would make is that people who write to me telling me that they are persecuted, and that their nearest and dearest are trying to poison them, are in the first stages of insanity, and they should immediately consult a doctor, for their own sake, and for the sake of those who are precious to them. That is an infallible symptom of melancholia. Every letter that comes to me has a sympathetic reading and is answered if the trouble is vital. If it deals with trivialities the letter goes west."

CHECK (Minster). "Would you like to read a tragedy?" No. We read a hundred a week—real ones.

HELPLESS (Oxford).—"They call this a democratic country! Sir, it is an autocracy!" Sir, it isn't.

BOY (Keighley).—"I was married last year at the age of 17, but I have a man's heart." But not a man's income, apparently.

SOCRATES (Wellington).—"There is hardly any sum that I cannot do with my head." Also, that is how we do our sums, Soc.

MASON (London, S.E.)—"Can you suggest a place where a builder is certain to have plenty of employment?" Yes, Dublin.

CHURCHGOER (Maidenhead). "Your sneers at the Church fall flat." We do not sneer at the Church, but we curl our nose at *you!*

QUID PRO QUO (Dudley). "I have sworn to have revenge on my father-in-law." Ha-ha! The villain approaches. Quid, you're an ass.

OLIVER TWIST (St. Marychurch).—"Has the truth about the Babbacombe murder ever come out?" Yes; at the trial of Lee.

GO LIGHTLY (Malvern). "It is a pity the war didn't last another year." And it is a greater pity you didn't have to do all the fighting.

OLD JOE (Peterboro').—"The banjo has quite gone out of fashion nowadays." You have evidently not been to any of our fashionable night clubs lately.

MADFIRE (Paignton). "What hope has the unmarried mother?" A thousand hopes. Lots of unmarried mothers are now happily married mothers.

JUNO (Marlborough). "I've been put on to a wonderful investment." Having read the particulars, we think that you will very soon fall off.

K.G. (Kingston).—"The sun on the river has turned it to wine, Oh, baby of mine." What oh! baby of mine! It looked like mud when we saw it the other day.

PENNY-WISE (Leyton).—"I send you a stinging reply to the enemies of Mormonism." Bing! (That was the sound it made as your manuscript struck the bottom of the wastepaper basket.)

CHRISTOPHER C. (Landrindod). "I have a friend in serious trouble owing to bigamy." If there is one thing more than another that is likely to lead to trouble, it is bigamy.

HAVERSACK (Salisbury).—"People who think soldiering is an easy life should try it." Many of us have tried it, Haversack. And you're having a better (and safer) time than we had.

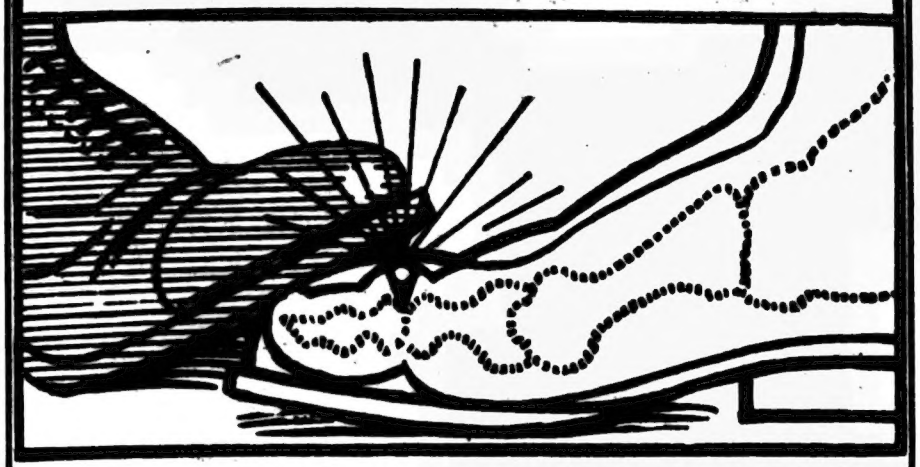
JOHN OF LONDON (Winchester).—"I could give you a few facts about the Ministry of Pensions that would make your hair stand on end." A piece of flattery which our meagre locks do not justify.

MAIDEN AUNT (Chepstowe).—"I always tell my nieces that the liberty girls are given to-day would have shocked my grandmother." A little shock might have done her a whole lot of good.

TROUBLED (Knightsbridge). "Worry kills more surely than disease." We think that getting up in the air because you haven't heard from your girl for a week is less "worry" than weakness of brain.

(*More replies on pages 26 and 27.*)

"Ooh! That CORN"



TAKE IT OUT SO THAT IT WON'T COME BACK

Don't merely cut the top off with a razor or burn it off with caustic lotions plasters, etc. It doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

The business end of a corn is the root. That is what hurts when pressed on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out.

A good handful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out it will come root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and any chemist will have it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

CARR. 20/- PAID

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

AMAZING OFFER OF SARTOR RAINCOATS

FOR HOLIDAY SEASON ONLY.

The Famous Sartor for 20/-.

60 DAYS' BARGAIN OFFER.

Owing to the rise in price of all Textiles, it is certain that the price of Raincoats will be increased in the near future.

There has already been a fairly large rise in the price of cloth, but owing to our enormous and judicious purchases of material when prices were at their lowest, we are able to make the following offer:—

For the next 60 days—that is, during the whole Holiday Season—we undertake to supply the famous SARTOR Raincoat for 20/-, carriage paid. No matter what conditions may arise, no increase in the price will be made to you if you make your application within the next 60 days.

But—and this is very important—it will be a case of first come, first served. All orders will be dealt with in strict rotation, therefore send your enquiry AT ONCE.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are tailored from superb quality Gabardine, fully proofed and check lined. Light in weight and perfect in style and finish. Secure your Sartor now. Send a P.C. for SARTOR FREE PATTERNS & Style Book ('Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths') with an accurate self-measurement form.

SEND NO MONEY.—a postcard is sufficient. You buy DIRECT from our workrooms, so that there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS. We guarantee every Coat. If you are not satisfied, we return your money in FULL.

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England's Holidayland

For illustrated Guide, post free 2d., write Mr. L. W. Horne, Gen. Supt. Southern Division, L. & N. W. Rly., Euston Station, London, N.W.1.

HAY-FEVER ASTHMA & CATARRH

CAN BE Prevented or Cured

by using an

'AMPUL" POCKET INHALER

Simple but absolutely reliable. Ready for use at any time and anywhere.

10/6 POST PAID Complete with directions for use and refilling.

THE AMPUL CO., 4, CULLUM ST., LONDON.

MODEL 400

£5. 15s. CASH

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our **No. 400A** Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33⅓% below shop prices. Write *TO-DAY* for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

Mead

Cycle Company (Inc.). (Dept. B657), Birmingham

AFTER ALL—There's Nothing Like Zam-Buk

For Injuries and Skin Disease.

CHAIN OFFERED FREE

WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

DON'T MISS THIS.

YOURS for 1/-

500 FULL HUNTER WATCHES OFFERED TO "JOHN BULL" READERS ON UNHEARD OF BARGAIN TERMS.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION AND WONDERFUL OFFER.

1/- DEPOSIT

Gents' Full Size (7 Medal) Full Hunter Watches, Heavy Solid Silvered Cases, Guaranteed to wear for 20 years. High Grade Movement. Accurately adjusted and perfect timekeepers. Dust and damp proof. Sent on receipt of 1/- deposit. **AFTER** receipt you pay 2/- and 2/- monthly until only 21/- is paid. Gents' Handsome Double Pocket-to-Pocket Albert is given **FREE**, upon completion of Regular Payments. Cash Price only 18/6, which together with **FREE DOUBLE ALBERT** makes

The Greatest Bargain Ever Advertised.

Send P.O. or Stamps NOW to the

WOBURN WATCH CO. (Dept. 85),
Woburn House, STORE ST., LONDON, W.C.1

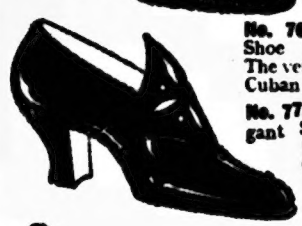
The 'Double-Value' Footwear

Any 2 pairs for 14/-

LADIES Single pairs can be supplied at **7/6.**

Enclose 6d. extra for carriage on one pair. Two or more pairs, carriage only 1s. extra.

No. 70.—Real Glacé Gibson Shoe, straight toecaps, smart shape, good wearing. Cuban or flat heels. Sizes 2-7.



No. 71.—Fine Box Leather Gibson Shoe, with toecap. For town or country wear. Cuban or flat heels. Sizes 2-7.

No. 76. — "Jester" Shoe in real Glacé. The very latest fashion. Cuban heels. Sizes 3-7.

No. 77. — Similar elegant Shoe with perforated design, Cuban heels. Sizes 3-7.

No. 78. — Real Glacé 3-Bar Buckle Shoe. Specially designed. Cuban heels. Sizes 3-7.

This Week's SPECIAL OFFER.

Real Glacé Tie Shoe. Very smart design. Cuban heels. Sizes 2-7.

No. 75.

No. 73.—Box Brogue Shoe. Good wearing soles, square heels. Sizes 2-7.

Gents'—Any 2 pairs for £1.

Our Men's Department has satisfied thousands of customers. We only sell goods reliable Boots and Shoes. Single pairs can be bought for 10/6. Carriage on one pair, 1/- extra. On two or more pairs, carriage only, 1/3 extra.

No. 94.—Smart Box Leather Brogue Shoe, leather lined. Sizes 6-11.

No. 95.—Similar Shoe in fashionable Tan. Sizes 6-11

No. 96.—Tan Gibson Shoe. Self cap, leather lined. Good wearing. Sizes 6-11.

No. 97.—Similar Shoe in fine Box Leather. Sizes 6-11.

No. 98.—Real Glacé Kid Gibson Shoe. Self Cap. Sizes 6-11.

No. 90.—Real Glace Kid Derby Boot, Self Cap, Sewn. Sizes 6-11

No. 91.—Same Boot in Fine Box Leather, Double Soles. Sizes, 6-11.

No. 92.—Same Boot in Tan Leather. Sizes, 6-11.

No. 93.—Box Balmoral Lace Boot. Sizes 6-11.

MONEY RETURNED IF PURCHASE NOT APPROVED.

Bankers—Barclays Head City Office, London.

SMITH BROS., Ltd. *Offices and Sales Department:* (Dept. N), 56, Gt. Marlborough Street, Regent Street, LONDON, W.

JOHN BULL

Greatest FREE Home Insurance.

CLAIMS STEADILY FLOWING IN.

Total Now 983.

WEEK after week JOHN BULL readers are confronted with a list of claims of those who have registered under the Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World. Some pass it by, thinking that fire or accident will ever be a stranger to their homes. Others play for safety, and rest easy in the knowledge that their homes are fully protected. If you have not yet signed the coupons on page 28 do so at once. *It Costs You Nothing.*

Sign NOW!—Forms on page 28.

FIRE.

SOUTH TOTTENHAM. — J. B. SHANNON, 66, Hill Side Road. Damage to Furnishings.

ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.—MRS. EDGINGTON, 11, Spring Gardens, Chancery Lane. Damage to Bedding.

LEAMINGTON SPA. — MRS. ISLER, 21, Hill Street. Damage to Furnishings.

BURNLEY. — MRS. NUTTALL, 79, Abel Street. Damage to Furnishings.

NEWCASTLE - ON - TYNE.—MRS. NICHOLSON, 22, Milton Street. Damage to Furniture.

STORM.

MIDDLESBORO'. — J. OLIVER, 105, Marsh Road. Damage to Household Effects.

HOME ACCIDENTS. £1 PER WEEK.

S. NORWOOD., S.E. — MRS. H. BALL, 130, Crowther Road.

SALTCOATS. — D. TAYLOR, 68, Raise Street.

CARDIFF.—MRS. JENKINS, 47, Keppoch Street, Roath Park.

BIRMINGHAM. — H. DICKENSON, c.o. Boldmere Vicarage, Wylde Green.

BLAINA, MON. — C. E. SAUNDERS, 103, Abertillery Road.

Nr. DORKING. — W. GRINTON, Beare Green.

CO. DURHAM. —MRS. CROSBY, Rose Cottage, Beechburn, Crook.

STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.—MRS. G. BURNAPP, 16a, Gordon Road.

KING'S LYNN. — R. ATKINS, 43, South Clough Lane.

BOOTLE.—T. G. INGHAM, 65, Springwell Road, Orrell.

7/- PEN FREE

for telling your friends.

IN spite of the tremendous popularity which the JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance enjoys, and the extensive publicity given to it, there are still thousands who would eagerly seize this unique opportunity of protecting themselves and their homes free, did they know about it. Why not pass the good word along to your friends? There is nothing to sell, because the insurance is free and devoid of all red tape. Secure six registrations (your own will count as one if you have not already registered) and for your trouble we will present you free a handsome JOHN BULL 7/- Safety Model Pen with 14 ct. gold nib, iridium tipped. By simply signifying your wish to obtain this Pen, we will send you post free and without any obligation whatsoever, 25 JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance Policies, together with full particulars of this unique offer. A postcard will do, addressed to The Manager, Insurance Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2. Write to-day.

Advertising Eliminates "Buying Risks."

by PHILIP SMITH.

Principal Director, Smith's Advertising Agency, Ltd.

ONE should never lose sight of the probability that many goods on sale are not advertised, simply and solely because they are not worth advertising. Advertising never pays unless supported by the quality of the goods. Then it pays both buyer and seller.

It enables the seller to keep his quality high and his prices low, by reducing his costs in two directions—it gives him large sales and reduces the costs of production per article—it makes the way easy from the factory to the consumer and reduces the costs of distribution and selling.

Consequently, when a purchaser allows an unadvertised article to be imposed on him, or her, the chances are either that the price is higher than that of an advertised article, or that the quality is inferior.

A guarantee such as that given by JOHN BULL should make assurance doubly sure and make its advertising columns a very valuable buying guide to its readers.

The Shop Window.

Good Luck.

Why are black cats lucky? Even the biggest business men think they are, and they figure in the advertisements of Hutchinson Tyres and a well-known cigarette.

Keep Dry.

Our readers are well catered for by waterproof and oilskin advertisers this week. Better than a "Pluvius" policy!

A Splendid Career.

The man with a graphic pen will always find a welcome in the Street of Ink, and the prospectus offered by the London School of Journalism is therefore worth sending for.

Looking the Part.

Most folks have a little more "ginger" when they feel that they are dressed right. S. A. Barry & Co. offer men's suits for all occasions, including lounge, sport, and dress suits.

Economic Motor Cycles.

The deferred payment system adopted by the Eynsford Engineering Co. for their £34 motor cycle will be of great convenience to those who wish to own a good machine and prefer to pay as they ride rather than dive deep into their pockets when they buy.

Footwear at Pre-war Prices.

Smith Brothers offer ladies' shoes at 2 pairs for 14s., and gents' at 2 pairs for £1.

British Razor Blades.

It is good news that John Watts, Ltd., of Sheffield, are selling their safety blades in large quantities. These are 3s. 6d. per dozen, lower in price than American, and of a quality worthy of their 150 years' experience.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

FRIEND OF THE POOR (Eccles).—"Let us each put aside something every week for your splendid fund." An excellent idea, Friend.

STRANGE THOUGHT (Widnes).—"Suppose we had to walk about without clothes. What about equality then?' Even then, some would be fatter than others.

TULIP TIME (Ascot).—"Many have failed to make money easily, but I think I have a way." The first thing you should do when you make it, is to buy yourself a typewriter. It took us an hour to read your scrawl.

UNIVERSAL (Lanark).—"By all the signs, a new war is on the way." The only sign we can recognise is our unpreparedness.

JOHN (Taunton).—"The Duke of York made a good impression here." Thanks for mentioning the fact.

ANN G. (Glasgow).—"I have the gift of prophecy. I have always been second sighted." Wear spectacles, Annie.

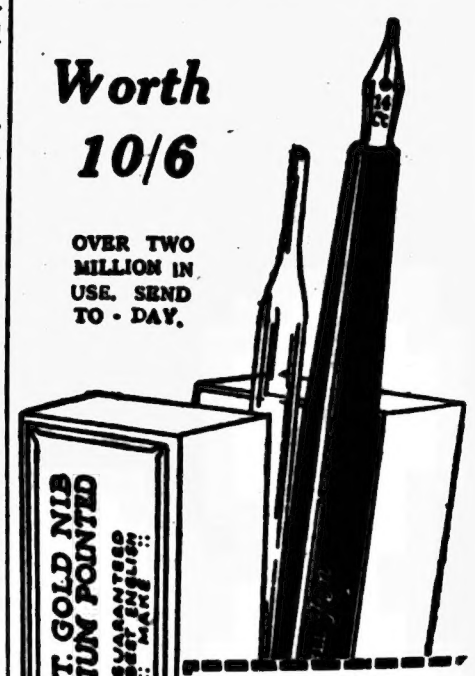
JUTE (Dundee).—"Please deny the report in JOHN BULL that ships are not built here." It never appeared in JOHN BULL—you must have been reading *The Sandy McNab.*

JUST SO (Salisbury).—"Can't anything be done to liven up Wiltshire?" What about buying a gramophone?

(Continued on next page.)

Worth 10/6

OVER TWO MILLION IN USE. SEND TO-DAY.



JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 5/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage. *DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 extra*

Address: PEN DEPT. "JOHN BULL" LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib. J.B.15.7.22

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 26.)

MAIDIE (Melton Mowbray).—"I have always had great faith in doctors." There is no medicine like faith, Maidie.

GOLDEN DAYS (Radnor).—"Unity is strength. Let us have done with parties." Your sentiment has a very familiar ring. Where have we heard it before?

JOAN (Tunbridge Wells).—"Somewhere in the world is the perfect man." Judging by the epitaphs one reads, most of them are out of the world.

C. B. (Rhyl).—"Is it possible for a man to get his living by his wits—honestly?" Most revue writers make quite a good thing out of very poor wits indeed.

HUMBLE (Crossfield).—"It must startle you to hear from one who is not ambitious." It startles us more to discover that you do not want anything from us.

OFF. (Hythe).—"The rifle is still the supreme weapon it was in the days of Wellington." Or the machine gun in the days of William the Conqueror.

COALMAN (Devizes).—"The time has come to clear decks for action." What are you running—a coal ship?

JEW (Houndsditch).—"I am not sensitive but I hate being sneered at as a Jew." It would be worse to be sneered at "as a Christian."

CA' CANNY (Dalmeny).—"I have written to you twenty (20) times." And we have answered you three (3) times.

WILLIE (Rotterdam).—"I have seen the ex-Kaiser on several occasions." Next time you see him give him a piece of your mind.

HOORAY (Walthamstow).—"Don't be cynical over this letter." We weren't. We were only disgusted.

TENSPOT (Yeovil).—"Come down here and do a little preaching." We are always going everywhere—but we do not preach.

UNIONIST (Cork).—"Protestants here do no have such a bad time as people think." Speaking for ourselves, we have never thought otherwise.

FREE TRADER (Leeds).—"Free Trade and a lower income tax will solve all our troubles." We should like to say something sarcastic but we can't.

OLD SOLDIER (Totnes).—"They say old soldiers never die—but they starve." So do young soldiers unfortunately. Men whose business went to ruin whilst they fought our battles.

KNIGHT (Liverpool).—"Let us be up and doing and work the foeman's ruin." Surely if your effusion is intended to be poetry, that word should be "ruing"?

MILDRED (Porthcawl).—"Can I make a woman who called me a ——— prove her words?" You know best, Millie.

SPORTING READER (London, S.W.).—"I have backed 40 losers in succession." See Rowley Mile's offer on the sporting page. He is sending a free winner to your aid.

FOUL PLAY (Bath).—"Now print my letter if you dare!!" We daren't. See a doctor, Fouly.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3, and £2 respectively, will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the Three Chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 452 have purchased their copies of JOHN BULL.

The original Cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-Winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 451 can now be seen in the window of John Sutton, Newsagent, Crescent Road, Harrogate.

"BULLETS" £1,000

2nd PRIZE £100
10 PRIZES £5
50 PRIZES 10/-
1,000 PRIZES 2/6

BEST LITERARY SKILL COMPETITION

2000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd PRIZE £50
10 PRIZES £2.10
100 PRIZES 5/-
3,000 Target PRIZES

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 454.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE
AT MY EXPENSE
THE GOVERNMENT'S MOTTO
OUR AIR FORCE
IN THE CLOUDS
SCALES OF JUSTICE
BLACK SHEEP
WHEN FATHER BATHES
IN BROADMOOR
THE OTHER CHAP
IF DOLES CONTINUE
STIGGINS
BOOKING THE BOAT
POOR ACTOR
SAFE AND SOUND
WHEN THEY ARE MARRIED
SPARRING PARTNER
MY DEAR WIFE
IN DAYS GONE BY
WHAT MOTHER SAID
OUT FOR SPORT
OFFICE HOURS
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
MOST TEMPTING WHEN
CHURCH COLLECTION
STUMPED
BIG AND LITTLE
READY WHEN NEEDED
HOLIDAY RUSH
TAKING TOO MANY
MODERN SCHOOL
RAISING THE DUST
WHAT WE CAN'T GET
SEASIDE PIERROT
MERRY AND BRIGHT
SPOILT DARLING
SUNDAY BEST
BOARDING-HOUSE BED
CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN
NEIGHBOUR'S BABY

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WISH THINKS UNTIL LAST. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 27.

No.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(454) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed
Address

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 27.

No.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(454) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed
Address

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 454. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, July 27.

No.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(454) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, July 27.

No.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(454) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed
Address

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 453.

THE WITCHING WAVES—SEASIDE ENGAGEMENT—CHEERFUL—MARRIAGE LOTTERY—IF WIFE PLEASES—PAL FOR LIFE—HARLEY STREET—GAME OF GRAB—NO LADY—LOOKS LIKE RAIN—ALSO RAN—LOOKS WISE—IN THE MELTING POT—SEVERELY TAXED—BROKEN—LITTLE DEAR—BIRD OF PASSAGE—RULING PASSION—WELL DONE—BRITISH GREW.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 3rd. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 453 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 453, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 454.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 452 ("BULLETS" £1,000 OFFER) WILL BE PUBLISHED IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

Facial Eczema

27 Years of Pain and Disfigurement Cured by Germolene.

Mrs. Husband.

Mrs. Husband, 69, Garfield Road, Mile End, Portsmouth, says: "I had eczema on my face for 27 years. It came on when I was a girl, and soon was so bad that for days at a time I could not go out. Sometimes I was in bed with it. My face used to pull up till I could hardly see for the swelling round my eyes, and the skin all over would scale. The itching was frightful; I scratched till the blood ran. I have had my hands tied behind me, and then I managed it. I had to, for it was torment to endure. I don't know what I didn't try, but nothing relieved me. Then at last I got Germolene. Well, it was a comfort to put it on. It soothed at once, and healed too. Actually in six weeks my face was quite clear and well—and that after suffering for 27 years."

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Itching	Boils and Sores	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

and all cuts, bruises, itchings, or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at 4 Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 3/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists from the purest ingredients by The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

They have cured thousands; they will cure you.

Heart Flutter, Dyspepsia & Nerves

Windy Indigestion and Sleeplessness Soon Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Mrs. A. Halstead.

Mrs. A. Halstead, 42, May Street, Burnley, says:—"About two years ago I began to feel out of sorts. The first trouble was my heart; it used to palpitate till I felt like fainting. Then my digestion got all wrong, and I had frightful pain at my chest after everything I ate. And then there was wind. It nearly choked me and added to this I was so nervous that I would jump at a sound and was afraid to go out alone. At night I could not sleep, and I was simply fit for nothing in the morning.

I had plenty of medicine, but instead of getting better I got worse, and I had to keep to bed at last. The trouble had lasted nine months, and I had been in bed nine weeks when I commenced taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Soon the wind and palpitation ceased to trouble me, and I could eat anything without fear of having to suffer for it afterwards. At the present time I feel in splendid health, my nerves are quite steady, and I eat and sleep as well as ever in my life."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Debilitation
Indigestion	Kidney Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's Weakness
Neurasthenia	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Home Price, 3/-

1/6 the smaller size.

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets give "pep" to the dyspeptic, and "vim" to the weak

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured under the supervision of skilled chemists in the most perfectly equipped laboratory of its kind in the Empire, by

The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

FIRE!

The Jekyll and Hyde of Nature.

FIRE! You use it in your home for cooking and heating. That is Fire, the Faithful Servant. But Fire has a DUAL PERSONALITY. Without warning it may pounce upon your most cherished possessions and destroy them, to say nothing of grievous injury it may do. Have you guarded against Fire in this most dreaded form? Are you insured? Have you signed the forms below? Not only against fire, but against the hundred and one accidents that may happen in the home, does JOHN BULL's Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World protect you. Sign the forms now. *It costs you nothing.*

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.

£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.

£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or **£125**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.

£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.

£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or **£250** in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees.

£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.

£2 per week maximum rent during re-instatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel, or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.

£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

You can post your Coupon for ½d. now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE

J.B., 15/7/22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. Date..... A Red Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B., 15/7/22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

.....

Address in CAPITALS.

Date.....

983 Insurance Claims Paid.

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